



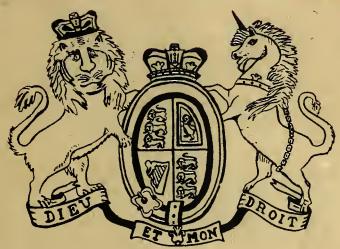




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Dedication.

To our Most Gracious Majesties King George and Queen Mary, by whose example and denotion Our Empire is bound together, this number is respectfully dedicated.



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PANE

When the sullen King of Winter
Holds his sway o'er all the land,
And his subjects silent, rigid,
At a chill'd attention stand;
When his courtiers s are dumbly
Like the pages in his train,
You can see most wondrous pictures
In the frost upon the pane.

Here tall, slender fir-trees mingle
With the graceful plumed pine,
There the riehest, purest diamonds
That have ever graced a mine;
And from a billowy cloudland
Comes a shower of frozen rain
That bedews a thirsty garden
In the frost upon the pane.

Now a milky way of spangles
Trails a starry firmament;
Lacey ferns and flowers and grasses
In harmonious riot blent;
Lilies, mosses, ox-eye daisies,
Down a rustie winding lane—
Crystal scenes that Nature sketches
When the frost is on the pane.

Then the wonderful stalactites
Of Aladdin's magic cave
Take you back to days of childhood
And the faith that childhood gave.
If the world were yours you'd give it
Just to have that faith again,
But it passes all too quickly,
Like the frost upon the pane.

-Herbert E. Collins.



VOX LYCEI

BRITISH EMPIRE NUMBER



CHRISTMAS 1923

VOL. XV.

2000 COPIES THIS ISSUE

NUMBER 1

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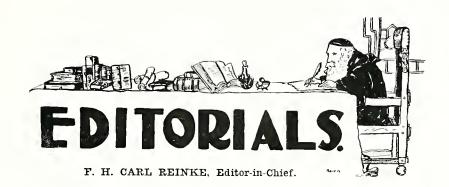
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It is fitting that we should dedicate this number of the Vox to Our British Empire, the hope of the world and civilization—for as Shakespeare said, "the times are out of joint."

That political, industrial, moral and physical unit called the World still staggers from the blow of the Great War. A civilization nurtured by the genius of mankind for centuries is imperilled; hatred, distrust and avarice have struck deeply into her vitals. Time only will reveal whether the wound is mortal.

As the world exists for the education of each man, so each man exists for the education of the world. Every nation exists for the development of the whole world; and because this moral law was broken, some nations have become decadent, and only those fulfilling it can survive.

Our own British Empire—a union of free nations, bound together by mutual affection and good will, based on freedom and equality—must endure so long as she has the will to serve.

The Empire Conference just concluded in London was one of the most momentous since the termination of the Great War. Each international conference since the War has been more or less a diplomatic sparring match between the nations represented. Some of these conferences were characterized by distrust and a lack of frankness, and even threatened grave consequences, but always terminated in expressions of good-will.

Since Germany tore up "the Scrap of Paper," other nations have taken this as a precedent to further their national ambitions.

In contrast to the several international conferences, the Imperial Conference has been one of harmony, frankness and good-will.

Nations, like individuals, have diverse tendencies, temperaments and ambitions, and unless the moral viewpoint and ideals are similar when their

paths of progress cross, the result is disastrous. The stolid Russian, the phlegmatic German, the impetuous, fiery Frenchman, and the self-possessed Englishman must co-operate and carry forward the torch of civilization; not with helmets, shining bayonets, bombing planes or torpedoes. War never settled anything, but keeping faith settles everything. Britain has been a shining example to the world in keeping faith at the cost of the lives of 900,000 of her sons and unlimited treasure. The British name on "the Scrap of Paper" was vindicated. Let us hope we will not have to repeat the sacrifice to keep faith with our former foe by forcing our ally to honour their signature to the Treaty of Versailles.

What boundless possibilities for co-operative development lie within our Empire!

Notwithstanding the political turmoil of the world, the future of the British Empire is extremely bright. Providence has lavished its gold on us, 75 per cent of the world's production being within the Empire; nearly all the diamonds; Canada's 500,000,000 bushels of wheat this year; Australia's wool supplying the whole world with fine clothing; and above all, a united people with one ideal—loyalty, liberty and justice to all mankind. With a noble king to revere, a freedom to cheer for, a justice that compels deep-seated patriotism, and men like Balfour, Asquith, Baldwin, Curzon and Lloyd George to guide, our ship of state shall go forth. For

Ours is the heritage of Britain, then
Of many lands and of Seven Seas;
Ours is the freedom, won by British men
Of fearless valour down the centuries.
We, who have heard the Empire's bugles blown
Out of the farthest corners of the earth,
Is it too much for us, her daughters grown,
To honour Britain, she who gave us birth?

We will remember Nelson, Grenville, Drake,
And Hastings, Blenheim, Waterloo, Ypres,
We will rejoice that round the world the wake
Of British ships lies foaming in the spray
Of hard-won seas; and gladly we will weld
Still stronger this great chain of Empire. We
Are young and keen, and in our hearts is held
The power to keep it firm with loyalty.

BOOKS

To the superficial observer, it would appear that we of this age are interested only in light, sensational reading, but on further analysis we find that the speed in which we live and the keenness and mental alertness with which we must perform our daily duties force the mind into periods of relaxation such as light reading gives.

We hear the greatest musicians to-day, through phonographs or radio. Through inventions our circle of necessary knowledge is immensely widened, making an added tax on the human mind.

The man who deals in wheat or sugar to-day must know the crop conditions and yields throughout the world as well as the intricate freight-rates, while a few years ago Buffalo or Montreal was the farthest point noted. Yes, our minds have to leap great chasms in life's race to-day, and have to be given time to be re-charged by restful reading. Our libraries are the restaurants of the mind, each patron selecting the food according to his taste or condition.

We do not agree with the ascetic Disraeli when he said: "Books are the curse of the human race." Rather would we follow Carlyle, who, in writing to his mother, said: "My books are friends that never fail me."

Just as each one of us can point out certain people who have had a great influence on our lives, so most of us remember some particular books that have given us a new vision, new ambition and new purpose.

THE NEW COLLEGIATE.

We know we voice the feeling of the whole student body when we wish Mr. Simpson, Miss McVean and Mr. Beck "bon voyage" as they go to plant a new sprout from the family tree, in the East End of the City. Just as there is a wholesome spirit of co-operation between Mr. Morris, the teaching staff and the pupils of the H. C. I., we know that with Mr. Simpson at the helm, this spirit will be fostered between the two Collegiates. It is this spirit of co-operation that has planted the Collegiate colors with honours on the football field, track and rifle range.

THIS ISSUE.

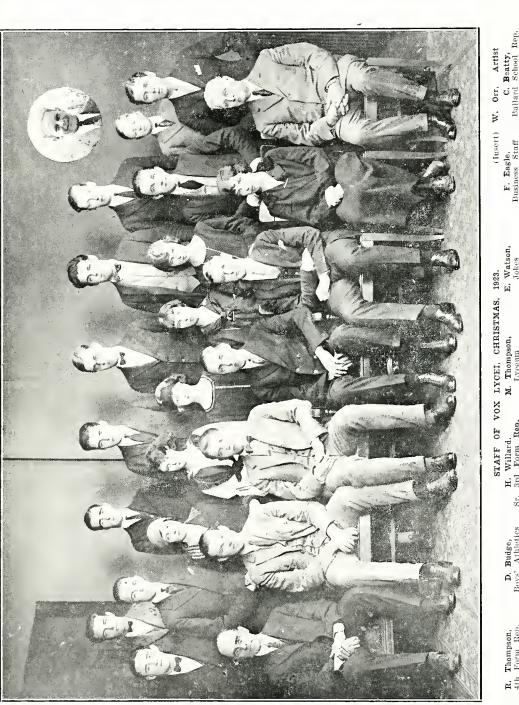
Through the efforts and co-operation of the business staff, we are glad to be able to reduce the price of the Vox to twenty-five cents. This was not done without the co-operation of the business men of our city through our advertisements.

This year, from our staff of teachers have been contributed two outstanding articles. Who better can review the growth of our Great Empire in retrospect than our own Mr. McGarvin in his interesting combination of history and literature?

Since modesty is one of the outstanding characteristics of all the poetic geniuses, we suggest that Mr. Collins' poem, "When the Frost is on the Pane," be included in the next school readers.

The contributions of the students have disclosed some of the latent genius in our Alma Mater. Harry Paikin's essay, "Procrastination," is a vivid and realistic piece of imagery, with dashes of Dante and Miltou, and the activity of youth, coupled with descriptive powers that are above the common place.

Meredith Thompson's "Noeturne in Moods and Hues" gives credit to its title. We know our readers will appreciate this soulful rhapsody dealing in moods and tenses.



Miss K. Fitzpatrick, Miss M. MacFarlane, Miss D. Carey, Miss M. Ostrosser, L. Sommervills, J. Wright, 1st Form Rep. Exchanges Business Staf O. Reinke, Editor-in-Chief M. Thompson, Lyceum H, Willard, Sr. 3rd Form Rep. J. Rogers, Secretary S. Thomas, A. T. Christie, Miss B. Daune Almani Jr. 3rd Form Rep. D. Budge, Boys' Athletics R. Thompson, 4th Ferm Rep.

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Literary Supervisor

"Love's Gift," by J. H. Merritt, is a beautiful poem which would do credit to any advanced litterateur.

Elda Daniel's contribution, "Cherry Fairies," is an original pastoral of child life and thought.

The Staff is grateful for these varied contributions and know that our readers will find pleasant moments in their perusal.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

It would be impossible to cover the whole field of co-operators, contributors and advisers in separate acknowledgement, since the issuing of this number has shown the loyalty and devotion of the whole school to the old H. C. I. Very gratifying has been the enthusiasm displayed. The wealth of material supplied and useful suggestions offered have alone made possible the realization of this, Our Empire Number.

To all who helped we tender the thanks of the Editor and Staff.

CHRISTMAS.

We will soon be engrossed in holiday festivities, and Christmas will be celebrated everywhere. Each succeeding year brings us farther from the Santa Claus of our childhood, jubilant and selfish, to the realization of its deeper meaning: that a gift without the giver's affection becomes only a donation, and that Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of the greatest philosopher the world has ever known. It seems strange that a so-ealled civilized world would so zealously celebrate the birth of the Child and so completely ignore the teachings of the Man whose chief message was one of love and peace. In extending our sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas to the readers of Vox Lycei, may we not urge every boy and girl to study the philosophy of the great Nazarene, because within that code is the way to individual happiness and international peace and good will.

THE EDITOR.

In Memoriam

The sincere sympathy of the Collegiate is extended to the relatives of Stewarton McIlroy, whose death occurred last February. One of our loyal supporters, a good scholar and promising athlete.

BRITAIN R

Her Colonial and Naval Expansion

M. J. McGARVIN.

This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle.

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war; This happy breed of men, this little

world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a most defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.—Richard II.

In the admirable tribute to his country by that staunch old Plantaganet, John of Gaunt, we can detect the influences which were forming the foundation for England's future greatness—the forces of sentiment, tradition, and patriotism. We catch a glimpse of the Englishman's pride in his own native land, in its unexcelled geographical position. We can appreciate those inate characteristics in the English race which have been the fundamental forces in the development of the British Empire.

The words which so aptly described mediaeval England were just as applicable to the early modern age of Elizabeth when they were penned by the Bard of Aven-the period when England was beginning to exert an influence beyond her own island-shores. The discovery of America had been an event of momentous importance to the little "silver-coasted isle." It placed her in a central world position. By Shakespeare's time the rngged island gave indications that she was appreciating her new-found importance. She was no longer wasting her manhood in futile wars with France. Land battles are transient in nature when compared with the far-reaching effect of naval victories. It is improbable that the great dramatist, with all his knowledge of political conditions and almost uncanny

prescience, even dimly realized the ultimate significance of the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English sea-dogs—Drake and Howard. How many recognized that it was the beginning of the decline of Spain's extensive Colonial Empire and the entrance of England upon a new epoch of her history. The days of the Mistress of the Sea had arrived.

Colonial expansion synchronizes with naval efficiency. As the conquerors of Spain navigated the high seas, English settlements and colonies arose. It is interesting to observe that England, just recovering from her greatest civil conflict, was still strong enough during the rule of Cromwell to humble her next naval rival, when Blake's ships swept the Dutch sloops from the seas, with the resultant curtailment of Holland's colonial ambitions.

Religious conflict results in discontent and restlessness. Heuce the excessive emigration during the Puritan upheaval—but England did not altogether lose her progeny. They went to the various colonies in America and still maintained a close connection with the motherland.

The close of the War of the Spanish Succession marks a definite settled policy in the trend of British statesmanship. Marlborough's victories were gained on the fields of Europe, but in the adjustment at Utrecht in 1713, England inaugerated an unwritten and an unuttered Monroe Doctrine of her own. She kept aloof from the continent of Europe, but she took the far-distant settlements of Acadia and the Hudson Bay District. In subsequent wars England pursued the same plan of colonial expansion. And yet in 1914, German historians had the effrontery to declare that the British Empire was built up by accident.

The close of the Seven Years' War left England the ontstanding colonial power of the world. Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham and Clive's success at Plassey made England supreme in America and India. We must always remember that England's defeat of the French at sea made possible these victories in the far-distant parts of the world.

However, there was a check in this steady expansion. In 1783, England experienced her greatest colonial loss when she was forced to acknowledge the independence of the United States of America. Still, this was not without its beneficial effect. Thereafter, English statesmen exercised the greatest care in legislating for the colonies and soon a policy was adopted of allowing the utmost freedom in the development of representative and responsible government.

During the Napoleonie tyranny the victories of England over the combined navies of the world, entitled her to the acquisition of new colonies on the world adjustment at Vienna in 1815. Nelson's triumph at Trafalgar had left England's naval supremacy unquestioned, and no nation disputed the right of Englishmen to develop far-distant Australia and the sunny Cape. England had more than redeemed the loss of her American Colonies. A Greater Britain arose beyond the seas. This little "scepter'd isle" of John of Gaunt's time was now the centre of the world's greatest Empire.

Within our own time we have witnessed the German menace to Britain's naval superiority—but the battle of Jutland sounded the death knell of German naval ambition, and the world later witnessed the most ignominious surrender in naval history, at Seapa Flow, in 1918. As a result of the World Conference at Versailles, in 1919, Britain added to her already extensive Empire, being granted the mandatory power over many of the former German colonies in Africa and the Australasian Islands.

Thus, "this precious stone set in the silver sea," so suitably exalted by the rugged Gaunt, has developed into the greatest of World-Empires—an Empire which has recently withstood the severest test of the greatest of wars, an Empire which is held together by those strongest

of bonds—the bonds of sentiment, love and tradition.

Nothing could more fittingly illustrate the vastness, the unity, the solidarity of our Empire, than the gathering of British statesmen from all quarters of the world for the great Imperial Conference just held at London. It is with pride that British Colonial statesmen assemble to participate in the innermost councils of the Empire, to discuss questions of common interest, to promote preferential and intercolonial trade, to consider methods of defending the Empire in time of danger.

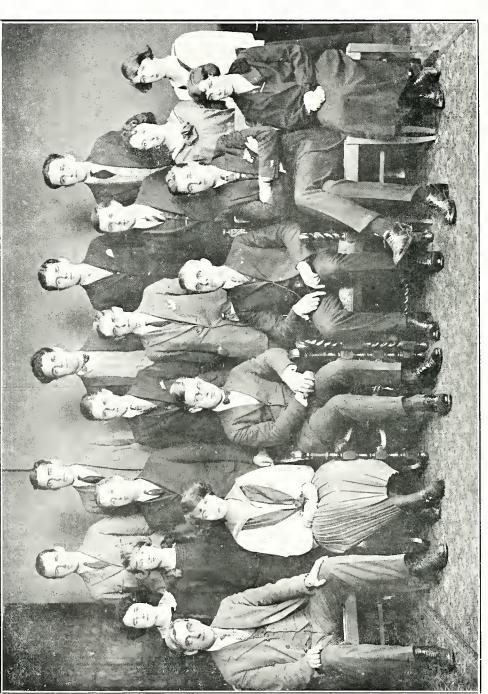
In ancient times, the Roman styled himself a citizen of the world, so highly was majestic Rome appreciated, but in our own times, Britain has reached such a pinnacle in unselfishly promoting the best interests of modern civilization, that it should be the proud boast of a Britisher, whether he dwell in the heart of the Empire, in the Antipodes, in Africa, in India, or in our own banner Dominion, Canada, not that he is an English citizen, nor an Australian, nor a South African, nor an Indian, nor a Canadian, but that he is a citizen of the British Empire.

WE ARE ONE.

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam.
Yet lives the blood of Britain in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts—
Between let oceans roll.
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;

Yet still from either beach The voice of blood shall reach, More audible than speech, "'We are One."



LYCEUM EXECUTIVE, 1923-1924.

E. Watson, Boys' Committee

L. Sommerville, Itoys' Committee W. Clark, B.A., Miss G. Peebles, 3rd Vice President

J. Wright, Boys' Committee

R. Barnes, Vice President R. Johnston, Treasurer

J, Griffin, Secretary

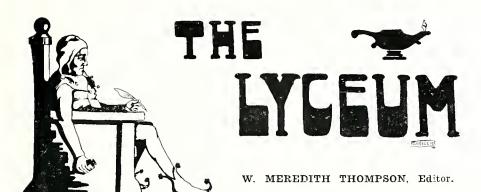
A. W. Morris, M.A., W. M. Thompson, President

Miss R. MacKenzie, Glrls' Committee Miss M. Thomas, Girls' Committee

Miss E. Stewart, Girls' Committee E. Morrison, B.A., Counsellor

Miss M. Morden, 1st Vice President

F. Hodd, C. Patterson, Imags, Committee Arrist
Miss G. Allan, F. G. Whitslock, B.A., GHIS, Committee



"The object of the Lyceum shall be the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits by discussions, original essays, music, readings, recitations, addresses, declamations, etc."

Thus it is laid down by the latest edition of the constitution—dated 1899. On reading this there are two questions which come to every interested member. First—have we lived up to this object? Secondly—is it still suitable for us; or should it be modified to suit the changes which twenty-four years have made in our ideals and customs.

To answer the first query, we shall find valuable information by perusing the various editions of our Vox Lycei, which has been published since an early date. Here we see, that in the Club's younger days the object was certainly carried out on the surface. Whether it really gripped the hearts of the students or merely eramped natural expression by its dignity, are themes for meditation. At any rate later editions show that throughout lyceum history, especially of recent years, there is a tendency to make the high ideals of our object subservient to lighter, less profitable pleasure. What is the reason for this? Undoubtedly it is because the students refused to attend the meetings unless such programs were provided. Now our school system, I am told, is based largely on objective reasoning and gives very little expression to those awakening instincts which perplex the adolescent with their demands for expression. How, then, can we expect the student to add another hour to the already excessive amount of expressionless study outside of school?

Here we come to our second question: Should we change the object, or modify it? Ah, here is a knotty problem—a subject for much controversy. Of course, I ean only give you my views. These might be expressed broadly by saying that the Lyceum should fill in what the school curriculum lacks; or they might be more particularly worded as follows:—

- (I) That the Lyceum provide expression to the pupil's innermost self.
- (2) That the Lyceum assist young people to face all their life problems with the courage of intelligence.
- (3) That the Lyceum try to awaken in every heart a true appreciation of the Arts and Sciences; so that the student may use it as a medium to become "well read."
- (4) That the Lyeeum provide a much needed relaxation after the week's work.

Possibly, these are worthy ideals, but to bring about such a Utopian state of affairs, the Lyceum worker must look forward to much expenditure of thought and energy. Nor can be hope to complete his task in the short space of one year. If, however, he can start the movement so that others may finish it, he may feel that his excursions into Lycenm-craft are not without reward.

Now, the first step is to "Make it everybody's Lyceum" (hence the slogan). So we have abolished "eliqueism" and have made our staff larger than ever before. In addition to our Vox reporter in each room, we have elected a second representative who is to devote his time to Lyceum work exclusively, and who meets on a programme committee to plan one meeting each month. It is his duty to bring out any talent in his room, and to report any complaints he may hear Thus everyone is justly represented.

The second step, of course, is to gain the confidence of the people. This is more difficult, and requires just a little "baiting." I am proud to say that our efforts, so far, have succeeded in obtaining a larger membership and attracting more capacity audiences than ever before in Lyceum history.

The third and last step is gigantic. It entails educating the throng to embrace higher ideals. Here we must walk most circumspectly lest by one false move we lose the confidence of some eight hundred people whom we serve. Still, if you will notice, we are gradually introducing into our programmes, a little more culture and liberal education, for it is our earnest desire, that we may leave at the close of the term a new constitution which calls for improved organization, and for meetings which will be a vital factor in developing the character of each student.

Let us now recall and forcast some of our special features:—

To begin with, we are trying to solve the difficult problem of choosing a life work, by bringing in men at the top of each profession, to acquaint the student with the different fields of employment and the requirements necessary to succeed in each. Mr. E. S. Hogarth, B. A., opened this course with some general hints. Since then Mr. F. F. McPherson, M.A., has dwelt on "Teaching," Mr. Edward Morrison, B. A., on "Science," and Mr. W. H. Wardrope, K.C., on "Law." Mr. J. P. Bell, Gen. Manager of the Bank of Hamilton, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Mns. Bac., are scheduled to speak on "Banking" and "Music" respectively in January. No thinking member can afford to miss one of these heart-to-heart talks.

Through the kind co-operation of Miss Dorothy Stock, we have begun another series. This one is to spread the appreciation of that much neglected sister of literature and music, namely—the dance. Dances representing each of the nations are to be presented, Miss Thelma Mc-Kelvey having already interpreted "Canada."

We have been greatly honored by the appearance of Mrs. Wallace Reid, who so vividly outlined to us her important message. Let us take her words to heart and hear more on this subject in the near future.

After Christmas a series of debates are to begin. In this the forms will compete for the school championship; and no doubt put forth some exceptional talent. Along this same line we are going to have an oratorical contest again this year; and a prize of \$20.00 is again effered through the generosity of our old friend, Mr. W. M. Logan, M. A. We hope to have talks on many interesting subjects by the students; and would also like to bring in someone to teach us a little practical psychology, a subject so vital, if we are to understand our lives.

This year we have started a Dramatic Club, which, under Mr. Ed. Morrison as director, Lloyd Sommerville as president, promises to foster dramatic appreciation by contributing valuable items to our programmes in the near future.

Speaking of music, our Orchestra is doing better work for Mr. Collins every day. We also have a new musical society in our affiliation—I mean the Glee Club; and here we must take off our hats to Mr. Roy Fenwick, who is so generously giving us his valuable time to foster this branch of the Art. Alan Christie, ever-popular, is the president.

A contest for a school song is also open, for every great school must have its song. The closing day is Jan. 31, 1924, and a valuable prize is offered for the best original composition sent in. Of course the judges will accept nothing which does not reach a certain standard.

We have made another departure from custom in choosing our school play; and have decided on—not a college farce!—but a real honest-to-goodness mystery play, "Contents Unknown." This will call for some heavier acting than we have seen for many years.

The school dance is to be held during the latter part of January. You may rest assured that it, also, will be "bigger and better than ever."

So now let me conclude this arid enumeration by moving a heartfelt vote of thanks to Messrs. Morris, Morrison, Clark and Whitelock for their advice, and to Mr. Reinke and his associates for this wonderful issue; and let me charge all hesitant students to come and join our great throng in order that we may better improve ourselves, foster the school spirit, and serve King and Creator at all times.



Far, far away in Bethlehem,
The Wise Men brought their gifts to Him
Who was their Lord and King;
And as in reverence they knelt,
Each one within his bosom felt
His soul leap forth and sing.

Then at His feet their treasure poured, Nor asked of Him a great reward, Nor kingdom rich and fair; They worshipped Him as there He lay, Then to their home-lands far away, Returning, left Him there.

The years flew by with joy and pain,
And it was Christmastide again.
"Tomorrow is the Day,"
Said Nicholas, a rich young man,
"When each of us should give, who can,
And sorrow drive away.

"Meanwhile, I'll walk alone this night;
The sky is clear, the stars shine bright
And glitter on the snow."
So forth he went along the way,
And saw the white-roofed mansions gay
That graced the vale below.

The evergreens stood dark around,
With priceless silver cloud-flakes crowned,
Their heavy boughs drooped low;
They softly sighed in sympathy
As they beheld the misery
That others did not know.

There stood a gloomy house close by,
All cold and dark against the sky;
Young Nicholas drew near;
He passed the window, heard a voice,
And paused—"We have no other choice
But beg or starve, I fear.

"This smouldering fire will soon be gone;
Others have food, but we have none,
And it is hard to die."
A feeble voice said, "Yet a day
Wait we: again to God I'll pray,
For He is always nigh."

God works by means; He heard that prayer;
The King of kings sent Nicholas there,
And showed him all their need.
"Alas, they hunger!" Nicholas said;
Homeward at once he gladly sped;
"I'll bring them joy indeed."

Then from a chamber out he drew
Three bars of gold; of these three, two
He quickly laid aside,
And with the third set out once more
And reached again the humble door,
Then thought, "This man has pride.

"Rich once he was, but nothing kept;
Still proud, 'twould grieve him to accept
My gold—but I've a plan:
This window's open, in I'll throw
The bar, then quickly hence I'll go;
Tomorrow come again."

Next morn the poor man woke; he cried "What is that glittering thing beside
The window? It is gold!
Elijah's God hath heard our prayer,
An angel came and left it there;
His love—how manifold!"

That night another bar was left
Of shining gold, refined, bereft
Of all impurity.
And now the happy, thankful man
Said to his daughter, "If I can,
The giver I will see."

Again came Nicholas through the snow With his third bar; he did not know His neighbour waited there, Who, tottering forth and kneeling, said "Art thou an angel that bringest bread In answer to our prayer?"

But Nicholas replied, "No, friend,
The Lord doth human agents send
To comfort those who need;
Accept these gifts; be not afraid,
For He hath sent me to your aid
Who did the thousands feed."

Long lived he and right happily
Who did kind deeds thus secretly,
Nor wished he aught returned.
If we at Christmastide to-day
Will give to those who can't repay,
A lesson great we've learned.



C. S. M. E. S. THOMAS, Editor.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 23rd, the Hamilton Collegiate Cadet Corps, in conjunction with the Cadet Corps of the Technical School, held its annual inspection in the Armouries.

The performance that night was highly praise-worthy, and under the capable command of Major Bert Challen, the Battalion went through the various movements in exceptionally fine style.

Lt.-Colonel McCrimmon inspected the two battalions, and was loud in his praise of the excellent work done. After the inspection the two units were formed up in hollow square, while Col. McCrimmon addressed them. In his speech he complimented both units, and said that the City of Hamilton might well be proud of two such fine cadet corps.

With the close of drill came the end of all military work for the majority of the cadets, but the work of the rifle team had as yet not been started.

Before relating the numerons achievements of the rifle team, a few words about the cadet camp at Long Branch would not be out of place.

The meals served at cadet camps in previous years no doubt kept many away this snmmer, and as a result the Collegiate did not have a very good representation. But those who did attend had nothing but praise for the meals served, and all promise to be back again next year. We hope that more will find time

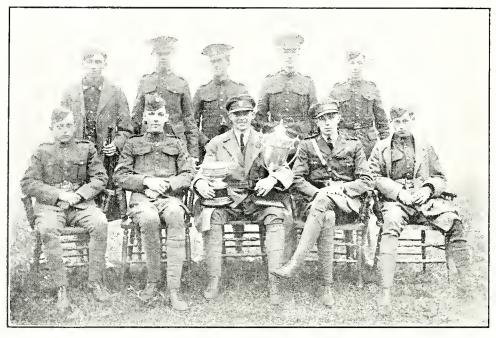
to go to the eadet camp next year, and so give the Hamilton Collegiate a better representation.

On Saturday, June 5th, the real work of the rifle team commenced. On this day a team composed of Murray Crawford, Alan Christie, Bill Woods and Ted Thomas competed in the Royal Military College Team Match, and turned in an aggregate score good enough to win the R. M. C. shield for the second consecutive year for the Hamilton Collegiate.

Just two weeks later a twelve man team won the Dominion Rifle Association Summer Series match. Nearly every member of the team won an individual. Captain Woods was high man in this competition.

On August 7th a team of nine men in charge of Captain Cornelins and Mr. Allan, went to the Ontario Rifle Association meet at Long Branch. The members of the team were very successful and carried off many individual prizes. Several members of the team won free transportation prizes to Ottawa. The team consisted of Crawford, Woods, Honlden, Hodd, Thomas, Sinclair, Mellroy, Robertson and Smith.

After a week's shoot at Long Branch, the team travelled to Ottawa to compete in the Dominion Rifle Association matches. Here the boys made themselves prominent by winning the White Memorial Clock for the Cadet match. They also won the Vic-



H. C. I. CHAMPIONSHIP RIFLE TEAM

Top Row (left to right):

C. S. M. E. S. Thomas, Corp. R. Vallance, Sgt. W. Hayhurst, Sgt. J. Ogilvy, C. S. M. G. Smith. Bottom Row (left to right):

Corpl. W. McIlroy, Corpl. K. Robertson, Lieut, F. M. Hodd (Capt.), Lieut. A. T. Christie, Pts. J. M. Sinclair

toria Rifles' Trophy, but were disqualified because they were not members of His Majesty's forces. Three members of the team, namely, Captain Woods, Captain Honlden, and C. S. M. Thomas were successful in making the inter-provincial team for the Jubilee Cup. Captain Woods won the Gooding Bronze Medal in a competition open to British Empire for marksmen under 21 years of age.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the Collegiate rifle team is the fact that one of its members made the 1924 Canadian Bisley team.

But the crowning victory of the year came at the Cadet matches on October 12th at Long Branch. The boys from the H. C. I. won both matches, and had the two high individual scores. C. S. M. Smith won the individual prize in the Warren match and Cadet Sinclair won the first Logic Spoon for the highest aggregate in the two matches. When the

Hamilton Collegiate boys had collected their prizes there were hardly any left for the other schools.

So much for last year. This year we expect to have a bigger and better Cadet Corps and a better rifle team, if possible. So let everybody help, for in this way, and in no other, will it be possible to carry out these plans.

It's hard enough to be funny,
When you've a makeup and settings just
right,

But the job that is worth All my chances on earth, Is to get a page full of jokes, in one night.

Down to the beach went Sam and Smallie, The sand was warm to Sam and "Hot Tomallie."

MOODS and HUES

A NOCTURNE (TO MY FRIEND)

Second Prize Essay.

By WHITNEY MEREDITH THOMPSON

Supper was the last duty of another eventful day in camp. This over, my friend retired to the tent to read; but I descended the rugged eliff, traversed the rocky point to its extremity, and crossing some shaky stepping-stones, reached a huge flat rock out in the water. This was my trysting-place with nature and her Creator. Here I would spend my appointed hour of reverie, watching the gorgeous pantomime as day, the shining maiden, is lost in the embrace of her dusky lover, night.

But this particular evening something was wrong. It was not in nature though: for the drowsy blue of the heavens was even lovelier than ever-the east, a mellow platitude-the west, an opalescent prophecy of mysteries to be unfolded. water, reflecting all this, stretched on and on horizonless to beauteous infinity, and lapped a sombre counterpart to the robin's plaintive song. This harmony was accompanied by a gentle wind singing through the fir trees on the massive shore, by the far-off cowbell, and the distant train whistle: what beauty, what music was there. Still-there was something wrong-not in nature; but in me. How restless, how unhappy I am, endlessly striving for an intangible something-I know not what. All this beauty hurts me tonight. What is the trouble anyway? My friend, the psychologist, says I have a complex, (whatever that means). My doctor calls it nervous strain. The poet names it yearning-yearning-I agree with the poet.

Truly this beauty hurts me. See the sky, how it deepens. In the east—the shadowy outline of the bluff—is it fixed; or is it dancing, phantom-like, deriding me? In the west—that open secret of magnificent colour—is it not taunting me to capture its profusion of crimsons, saffrons and vivid wines; as though to find in them a panacea for my ills? The waves

beat on the shore with incessant mockery. The wind gives a fiendish voice to those black spectres on the hill. Oh! that my rock were a fairy barque. Then I might drift over the waters, into the deepening gray, and on, still on and on, and lose myself forever. But no—my rock must remain fixed (how cold and hard it seems), and I, too, cannot legitimately leave this existence. Life is a hell.

Thus morbid ran my thoughts, until interrupted by the singing of a violin, close beside me. I turned, and found that my friend had come without my knowing it (maybe God sent him to console me). There was something attractive about his music; Barnby wrote it, I believe. And the words—let me see—yes, I recall them:

"Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening, Steal across the sky."

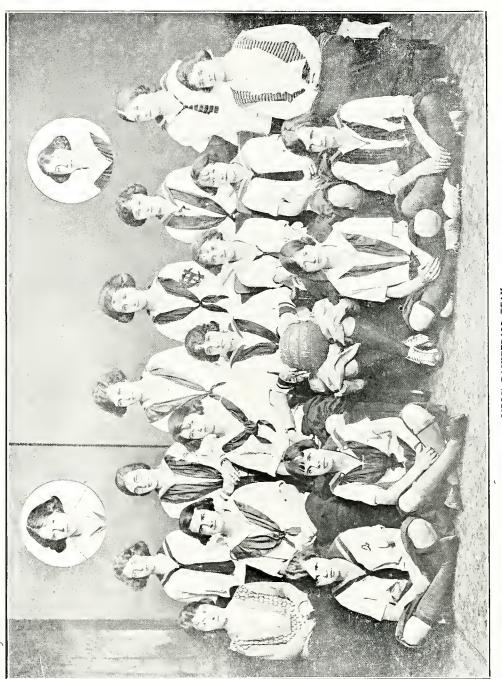
The gentle nuances of the music were beginning to tell on me, but the lines, not yet.

"'.Iesus give the weary, Calm and sweet repose; With thy tend'rest blessing May their eyelids close. "'When the morning wakens, Then may we arise, Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy Holy eyes."

Ah—The spell was broken. Such lines! Such tender modulations! Yes, my friend would play it again. (Other stanzas suggested themselves)—

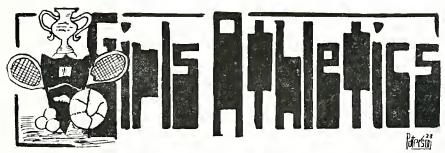
In the golden sunset,
In the dusky east,
God writes man a message,
One of hope and peace.
On each crested wavelet,
Thro' each swaying pine,
There's a word of comfort
From the lips, Divine:

(continued on page 44)



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

3rd Row-Helen Hodgson, Marjorie Beuglas, Helen Paisley, Georgina Ennis, Marjorie Jutson, Beatries Grill.
2nd Row-L. MacGregor, Frora Akkinson, Isabel Morris, Marion Linklater, Thelma McKelvey, Jessie Nairn, N. M. Clinton.
1st Row-Fannie Kerr, Dorothy Carey, Florence Sutton, Margaret Sedgswick.
(Inserts)—Margaret Lord Marion Andrewe.



"DOT" CAREY, Editor.

BASKETBALL.

Jan. 12, 1923—Pep-e-Fives vs. H. C. I. "Middies."

On Jan. 12 the II. C. I. Middies met and defeated the Pep-e-Fives of the Normal School with a score of 45-17. Mr. Clarke, referee; Mr. Lockett, umpire.

Jan. 24, 1923—Brantford H. S. vs. H. C. I. "Reps."

On Jan. 24, the H. C. I. Pep Team journeyed to Brantford and played an exhibition game. The Collegiate girls were at loss in the first half playing Brantford rules, and were behind 13-6 at half time. The second half the H. C. I. played well under their own rules, and when the final whistle blew Collegiate were in the lead 20-19. Miss Hannah, Brantford; Miss Watson, Collegiate.

January 26, 1923—Onedrz vs. H. C. I. "'Uppers."

Friday, Jan. 26, the "Uppers" played the "Onedrz" of the Normal School. The game throughout was exciting. The Normal led at half time 13-8. The H. C. I. Uppers came back the second half, playing good combination and checking well. The score stood 21-20 in favour of H. C. I. Mr. Lockett, Normal; Miss Watson, H. C. I.

Feb. 7, 1923—B. C. I. vs. H. C. I.

Wednesday, Feb. 7, the Brantfordites came to H. C. I. to play a return game. The game was very fast, each girl playing well. The H. C. I. were in the lead from start to finish, although B. C. I. had

their own rules the last half they could not bring up the score. At half time H. C. I. were leading 13-6, and at finish of game 29-8.

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1923—Pep-e-Fives vs. H. C. I. "Middies."

The H. C. I. team were greatly handicapped as a number of their girls were ill with colds and unable to play. This game was slow, but the H. C. I. were leading throughout. The score was 28-12 at the finish.

Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1923—Abnormals vs. Uppers.

On Wednesday, Feb. 21, the H. C. 1. Uppers played a hard luck game. The score at half time was 15-6, favour H. C. I. The Normalites checked well, and owing to the H. C. I. being called for overguarding, the Normals won the game, the score being 25-21. This game eliminated the Collegiate from the finals.

Friday, March 3, 1923—Grimsby vs. Uppers.

On Friday, Mar. 3, the Uppers played a game which had been postponed from the previous week. The score was 9-8 at half time in favour of Grimsby. The last half was very exciting. Five minutes before the final whistle Grimsby were still leading 19-18, when Dot Carey, our splendid forward, made a lovely shot, making the score 20-19 in our favour. Then H. C. I. was called for overguarding and Grimsby tied the score 20-20. The score was still tie at the finish and five minutes overtime was given. The H. C. I. girls lead 21-20.

Honorary President—Miss J. Christie. Honorary Advisers—Miss Clinton, Miss MacGregor.

President—Thelma McKelvey. Vice-President—Marion Waugh. Secretary—E. Sedgewick. Treasurer—Nora Willard.

Committee-

Track—Ann McClaren.
Basketball—Dorothy Carey.
Volley Ball—Irene FitzSimons.
Baseball—Charice Batzold.
Tennis—Catharine White.
First Form. Rep.—Ada Eley.
Second Form Rep.—Joyce Ripley.

The Senior Athletic Society held their election of officers on Wednesday, Oct. 17. The following were elected:

Honorary President—Miss Van Duzer. Honorary Advisers—Miss Clinton, Miss MacGregor.

President—Marian Linklater. Vice-President—Marjorie Jutson. Secretary—Jessie Nairn. Treasurer—Beatrice Grills.

Committee-

Track—Marjoric Beuglas.
Basketball—Marian Andrews.
Volley Ball—Fan. Kerr.
Baseball—Margaret Sedgewick.
Tennis— Averil Mawhinney.
Junior Third Form Rep.—Helen Price.
Senior Third Form Rep.—Margaret Lord.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Oakville H. S. vs. H. C. I. "Peps." October 26, 1923.

In the game at Oakville, the H. C. I. girls were greatly handicapped playing on an outside court. Their opponents were strong and the final whistle gave Oakville the game with a score of 34-20.

Collegiate vs. Oakville.

On the night of Nov. 7, the Collegiate girls played their first home game with Oakville in the Boys' Gym. After a fast and exciting game the Collegiate girls were declared winners. It was one of the best exhibition games played by the girls on the home floors.

The line-up-

Oakville

Forwards—Mary Smith, Sibil Lillie. Centre—Mary Byers, Dorothy McNeill. Defence—Ethel Monroe, Ethelwin Young. Subs—E. Armstrong, M. Revaz.

H. C. I.

Forwards—Marion Linklater, Marion Andrews.
Centre—F. Atkinson.
Side Centre—Thelma McKelvey.
Defence—Isabel Morris, Margaret Lord.
Subs—Dot Carey, Jessie Nairn, Beatrice Grills, Georgina Ennes.

Collegiate vs. Pedagogues.

On Friday evening, Nov. 16th, the Collegiate team met the Pedagogues in the Teeh. gym. The first half of the game was very fast and interesting, but the Pedagogues couldn't stand the pace the Collegiate girls set them and at half time were on the small end of a ten-six score. The second half was a procession for the Red and Black, who ran up 18 points, while their opponents scored 3. Thelma McKelvey and Marion Linklater played their usual star game for the school.

Line-ups—

II. C. I.—F. Kerr and M. Linklater (18), forwards; F. Atkinson, eentre; Thelma McKelvey, side centre; M. Lord and J. Nairn, defence; M. Sedgewick (10) and G. Ennis, subs.

Pedagogues—M. Magee and T. Russell (9), forwards; F. Dale and P. VanAllen, centres; M.Walker and J. Stewart, defence; S. Brown, E. Doran and M. Ossbert, subs. Referee—H. L. Lockett.

Collegiate Intermediate vs. Normal.

The Collegiate Intermediate Girls' Basketball Team played the Normal's Intermediate Team in the Boys' Gym. on Friday, Nov. 23. The Collegiate forwards showed fine shooting ability and at half time the score was 16-0 favour the Collegiate. In the second half the Normals really started to play, but although they scored 15 points in the second half the Collegiate girls did not stop to let them eatch up and also scored 5 more points, and when the final whistle blew the score was 21-15, favour the Collegiate.

Line-ups-

Collegiate—M. Andrews (11) and M. Sedgewick (10), forwards; M. Jutson and M. Beuglas, centres; B. Grills and J. Nairn, guards; T. McKelvey, sub.

Normal—G. Ostrander (10) and C. Weir (4), forwards; A. Whitechartes and R. Walker, centres; C. Finlayson and G. Ross, guards; M. Crowe (1), sub.

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM.

(Dedicated to the "Uppers" of 1922-23)
There are stars that shine and twinkle,
Some have a steady glow,
But the stars that we are proud of
And want the world to know
Are the shining lights of H. C. I.,
The girls on our team,
So lend an ear and listen,
For, Boys! This team's a dream.

"Dot," the brave old stand-by,
Sure shot—though she is short,
And if you question Willard
He'll say, "Well, Dot's some sport;
For she is quite a favorite—
Girls, can't she shoot just fine?
Well, you just ought to see her
Make that old ball keep time!

(Just a visit to the Middies)

And lengthy Marian Link.

Will be shy when first you meet—

Nature saved our necks from stretching

When so much turned up for feet.

But they can cat up distance,

She sure can travel fast;

As a forward she's a winner,

We think she's just "some class."

(Now back again to the Uppers)
For "Bud" holds us powerless,
Or breathless, so to speak,
And when she makes a basket
Her big blue eyes just snap,
For it takes the peppy fighters
To put II. C. I. on the map.

While Jessie, swift and plucky,
On guard with watchful eye,
Will shield and help her comrades,
Her motive—"Do or die."
A real girl's disposition,
Not too harsh and yet not mild;
But we wouldn't quite advise you
To get our Jessie wild.

And Thelma, old protector,
She guards the team well, too;
We'll tell you all a secret—
Her middle name is glue;
For when it comes to sticking
She's related to a leech,
Side centre is her hobby,
And she surely is a peach.

If you were good at jumping,
And your first name was "Marge,"
You'd realize our centre
Has arms so very large,
For when she's in the centre
She sure does shoot that ball;
Why, the rooters in the gallery
Don't need to fear at all.
Her legs are pretty lengthy,
And you couldn't tie her tongue,
But, believe me, her opponents
Are always on the run.

Now, let us give the credit
Where it is justly due;
We're proud of Collegiate's All Star Team,
But the Team, her leaders, too.
If Berty Watson hadn't led them
They never could approach
Their present proud position
If it were not for their coach.

And faithful, dear Nell Clinton,
Whatever would we do
If she had not been with us
And helped us safely through
The trials and worries
Of our most exciting year?
Here's to the H. C. I.'s manager,
A good and hearty cheer!

The Upper Basketball Team, of which this poem was written were:
Forwards—''Dot'' Carey.
(''Bud'') Marion Andrews.
Centres—(''Marge'') Marjorie Jutson.
Thelma McKelvey.
Defence—Jessie Nairn.
Coach—Miss A. Watson.
Manageress—Miss Nell Clinton.

[&]quot;I saw a good picture of you the other day."

[&]quot;Where?"

[&]quot;On a can of salmon."



By MARJORIE MACFARLANE.

"An exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit;

A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth;

A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its root,

To deek with their future sweetness, the fairest thing on earth."

Absolutely Mr. Coue! Every day, in every way, the girls of our Collegiate are growing better and better!

Just look at the way they have been forging ahead on the athletic field—swelling the ranks of the scholarship lists—proving their ability by making good when they hold important positions around school, and showing the boys that the girls are the ones, who can offer the better ideas and suggestions. Also, bring to mind our school plays and social affairs, there the girls just blossom out, and shine like stars don't they? Yes! It is great to be a girl!

Hang on! Cling on!
No matter what they say.
Push on! Sing on!
Things will come your way.
Sitting down and wining
Never helps a bit;
Best way to get there
Is by keeping up your grit.

Success is good; every worthy girl and boy desires it, and it comes—the real kind—only to the worthy. In the first place what is success? It is not to over reach other people, to show that we are better than they in one line or another, but it is to be able to help other people,

to do whatever we can well, to make the world a better place, and through it all, to enjoy life-that is, to be happy. For, I believe, that the only true success is happiness. To accomplish anything with success we must first have something great to achieve, some high destiny ahead, then our next step is to develop wisdom, beauty of character, and the art of always looking on the sunny side of life. We must start out with a steadfast purpose and a firm determination to win. No success worth having is won without hard work and perseverance, and, really after . all, it is not the attainment nor the failure, that counts, but the earnest striving: our first failures should but spur us on, and bring out the right sporting instinct that every healthy-minded girl ought to possess. For instance, consider the postage stamp; its usefulness, we could say its success, consists in its ability to stick to one thing uutil it arrives at its destination. A certain wise woman has declared that the greatest use a girl can be to her genera tion, is to be true to the best she knows for the sake of no reward save the consciousness of having lived, consistently and always, according to her highest lights. Surely, gir's, if we live like this, what a success our lives will be!

The only true success is happiness—happiness which is not mere pleasure, nor the outcome of wealth, but the result of active work rather than the passive enjoyment of pleasure. Since this is so, we must learn to be happy all the time, for a happy disposition is the greatest aid to success. We should make a practice of shutting out of our hearts all our worries,

then sit on the lid and smile. Nevertheless, let us remember that happiness is more than the grin on our faces, it is the glory in our hearts. Life is such a little while, greet each day with a happy smile. In the sunshine of to-day, forget the rain of yesterday. Life at best is not so long; meet each day with gladsome song. Let its glorious chorus find tears and fears left far behind. A little song, a little smile, rights a day that might go wrong.

The most priceless of our earthly possessions is character-character, which is made up of beauty, honour, purity and integrity, and which is woven first of the texture of silk, but gradually strengthens to the quality of steel. Character is our stock in trade; the more of it a girl possesses the greater are her facilities for adding to it: character is power-is influence. It makes friends, and offers a sure and easy road to success. Every girl, in the world, wants to be beautiful-it is only natural that we should. If we achieve beauty of character, that beauty will be reflected on our faces, glorifying us.- Kind ness is the best kind of beauty, because it includes so many other varieties of beauty, such as sympathy, happiness, love, service and patience. So just a little kindness each hour of the day, and we will grow beautiful as the days roll by.

Wisdom is an important attribute to success. I might have said knowledge, instead of wisdom, but, there is a difference between them, as wisdom is the right use of knowledge: to know is not to be wise, but to know how to use knowledge is wisdom. Therefore, we can judge which is the better word to use. And as Solomon used to say, "Happy is the one that findeth wisdom, she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Exalt her, enjoy her, and she shall bring thee to honour."

Let us paddle our own canoe; in the voyage of life our success depends upon our own individual effort. There will be difficulties and dangers, shoals, and storms along the way, but without these life would be extremely dull. We have started out on the adventurous voyage from the stream of Childhood, along the river of Girlhood.

out across the ocean of Womanhood, to the port we wish to reach: if we provision our canoe with character, take wisdom as our compass, and happiness for a paddle, there is no reason why our voyage should not be a complete success, no matter how small the stream in which we make our start.

In closing, may I say, "Merry Christmas Everybody," and leave with you a few lines from Kingsley:—

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray

Yet, ere we part, one lesson 1 can leave you for every day.

l'il tell you how to sing a clearer carol Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down.

To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long:

And so make life, death, and that vast forever,

One grand sweet song."

The Flapper

They called her a little flapper,
But, why I do not know,
I wonder if it is because
She would rather go fast than slow.

In the good old summer time,
When the heat is up to form,
She usually wears her heavy furs,
Why, surely not to keep warm?

In winter, when the bitter air
Is filled with falling snow,
The little maid is clad in silk,
But why, I do not know.

In every school you see her,
From seniors down to froshes,
The only objection that I raise
Is to those flapping, slopping Goloshes,

SARNIA C. I.

THE WHITE DOVE

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY.

MARGARET HARDWICK, T7.

The castle of Falkenberg was a beautiful castle, overlooking one of the prettiest gardens in Southern Germany. It was sheltered by a wooded height, commanding a wide view over the plain beyond. The entrance to the eastle consisted of a plain embattled gateway, leading to a picturesque, winding roadway, cut, for about two hundred vards through solid rock, and overhung with shrubs, creepers and trees. This roadway led to the outer court, where a magnificent view of the eastle walls could be seen. There were two towers, high and massive, the general construction being such as to make them fortresses of the most formidable character. Passing through a beautiful archway, we come to the inner court, nearly two acres in extent.

The hall was approached by a porch leading to the doorway at the top of a flight of stone steps. The roof was richly earved in oak; the floor was made of red and white marble; and the furniture was of oak

The "Red Drawing Room," so called because of the wainscotted panelling of a deep red colour, with gilt moulding, afforded a charming view from its windows. At the west end a magnificent cedar spread out its gigantic branches in mute assertion of its claims to admiration; and to the right of it a circular path wound its way gracefully through the trees and shrubs up the side of the ivy-covered mound.

The dining-room was gorgeous in earving and gilding, and was lighted by a large crystal chandelier. From its windows the view looking up the Rhine was replete with charms. Immediately above the ruins of an old mill, bounded on the right by timber frame work and the buttress wall of the wheel, flowed the river, gliding swiftly over the weir and churning up its pale amber waters into creamy eddies, which sped gaily away. Higher

up, the old bridge, with its ivy-covered arches, threw its reflections into the placid water, picturesquely intensified by a background of tall firs, ivyed to their topmost branches. Above this, the moble arch of the bridge served as a framework to complete an unspeakably beautiful picture.

The magnificent castle, with its ivyeovered towers and turrets, was known by travellers for its beauty, and, more particularly, as the abode of Sir Theobald and Lady Ottilia, who were always willing to furnish a weary traveller with food and rest. They were, indeed, a noble pair, the knight as generous as he was brave, the ready protector of the oppressed; the lady kind and charitable to her poor neighbours: well known was that lordly house as a refuge for all in want or distress. Their only child, Agnes, was a loving, obedient child. She knew no greater joy than giving happiness to others. Parents and child were, then, honoured and blessed throughout the land. No good man caught sight of the high towers of Falkenberg but in his heart he blessed those who dwelt there.

One beautiful summer evening, Lady Ottilia and Agnes went into the castle garden. They stood for a few minutes enjoying the fresh air and the pleasant scene afforded by the tall, slim poplar trees against the crimson and vellow background of the setting sun. sanntered through the walks, taking pleasure to see how the green beds flourished, how the roses opened their tender buds, and how the shrubs were gay with blossom. They stood for a few minutes by the fountain in the middle of the garden, and watched the play of water, springing up into the gentle air of evening to fall back into a thousand drops, sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow. Then, as was their custom on fine evenings, they sat down in a shady vine arbour, and worked diligently at

making clothes for some poor orphan. All about them was still and peaceful; the only sounds were the singing of the birds in the trees overhead, and the ceaseless splash of the fountain.

All at once, something flew into their shelter, so quickly that they could not see what it was. They both looked up with a start. Next moment, a great hawk swooped fiereely down, and hovered with outspread wings at the opening of the arbour, but at the sight of human beings it fled. Agnes looked to see what had taken refuge beside her. She picked up the trembling dove and cried, "See, mother, a snow-white dove!"

The dove was given shelter. It soon came to trust Agnes; every morning it would fly to her with evident joy.

Late that evening there entered the hall a lady dressed in black, leading by the hand a little girl. The knight, his wife and his daughter rose to greet the strangers, wondering what their errand could be.

"Most noble sir, although I have never seen your face, I have heard how ready you are to help the oppressed," said the lady. "I am Rosalind of Hohenberg, and this is my daughter Emma. My husband is dead, and there are those who now seek to rob us of the little property we have. On his death-bed my husband gave me your name as protector in such cases. 'Trust in God,' he said, 'and in the good knight Falkenberg, and no enemy will have power to oppress you.' I therefore ask you for the aid I sorely need.''

Sir Theobald answered: "Tomorrow 1 will ride to Hohenberg. Meanwhile you and your daughter shall remain here."

The knight did as he had promised, and, after several days, returned with the good news that the robbers had been suppressed. The widow thanked him heartily and then prepared to return home.

Agnes and Emma had become great friends, and it was with sorrow that they bade each other farewell. Agnes wished to give her friend a present, and, as her mother had told her that she should give her best friend only that which she treasured most, she brought her snow-white dove. She pressed it to her cheek, wet with tears, and, as much as she loved it, bade Emma take it. At first

Emma refused such a generous offer, but, at length, took it.

When the guests had gone, Agnes was sad to think that she had parted with her pet dove. Her mother said, "Do not grieve for the dove; who knows how this messenger of peace may come back to us!"

Lady Rosalind and her daughter now lived in peace in their old castle. Thither, one evening, came three strangers, who were dressed as pilgrims. Since pilgrims were never refused shelter and food, they were admitted into the castle. The next morning they set out toward the castle of Falkenberg. Lady Rosalind thought these false pilgrims were strangers in the land, and therefore sent a boy with them as a guide. Presently these men began to speak in a foreign language, to the sounds of which the boy listened intently, for it was no other than his mother tongue! It was with joy that he listened at first to the words, but soon their speech filled him with horror and dread. As they came in sight of the eastle of Falkenberg, the older man said, "There is the dragon's nest where lives the tyrant who has ruined us, and delivered many of our friends to the scaffold. But dearly shall he pay for this: before the sun rises he and his shall lie among the ashes of their home."

At length they came to the river which was swollen by many days of rain. Across the river was a very narrow bridge. "I dare not go farther," cried the boy; "my head swims at the very sight of it!"

One of the men wished to throw him in the river, but the others said, "Let him go home. We shall have blood enough on our consciences ere long."

They cut down the bridge, and then continued on their way. As soon as they were out of sight, the boy started to run toward the castle to carry the dreadful story to his mistress. "I have heard all!" he gasped. "These men are robbers; they seek to slay the knight, his wife, and his daughter; they mean to burn the castle to the ground before daybreak!"

"What can we do?" said Lady Rosalind. "Hasten, Emma, toward Falkenberg; I will follow as soon as I can."

"Alas, gracious mistress, that cannot

avail, 'answered a gray-haired squire. 'The best steed could hardly take us there before dawn now that the bridge is destroyed. A man must have wings to get over the river.'

"Wings!" cried Emma, her eyes brightening with sudden joy. "My dove!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lady Rosalind, as she hastily wrote a note and tied it around the dove's neek. They took it to the tower and set it free. It hovered about the tower for a few minutes, and then flew toward Falkenberg, accompanied by the good wishes and hearty prayers of all in the eastle.

That evening, the family of Falkenberg had sat down to supper without fear or care. The beams of the setting sun were streaming through the windows, lighting up the old hall, when a page came to announce the arrival of three pilgrims. Sir Theobald bade that they be given a good meal.

As they now sat talking, little thinking what guests these were, Agnes sprang up crying, "See—my dove! Look, there is a note tied to its neck!"

She let the dove in. The knight looked closely at the scroll and saw on the outside, "To be read at once." As soon as Theobald read the note, he sent Lady Ottilia and Agnes into another room, put on his armour, and ordered a number of sturdy men-at-arms to be present. He then let the strangers be brought into his presence.

With humble mien and lowly reverence they entered the hall, and the eldest began his tale in tones of the most honeyed hypocrisy: "Illustrious lord and knight, we thank you for your hospitality; and oh, how lucky we do count ourselves to see face to face the man whose fame fills all the land, as the protector of the poor."

Coldly and sternly he asked: "Who are you, may 1 ask?"

"Three poor pilgrims travelling homewards," was the answer.

"What seek you in this castle?"

"Nothing but a night's shelter. Tomorrow at cock-crow we continue our journey."

"You lie!" suddenly exclaimed the knight in a voice of thunder; and his sword flashed out of its sheath. "You

come not from the Holy Land, are not pilgrims, but robbers and murderers. Not to seek quiet shelter came you here, but to kill and destroy! Seize them!"

At the word, the false pilgrims were bound and thrown into a dungeon, with Sir Theobald's words sounding in their ears: "Thus fare all evil-doers, and fall into the pit which they dug for another."

At Hohenberg, Emma and her mother were left long in distressful anxiety for their friends. As twilight drew on, mother and daughter placed themselves at a window looking toward Falkenberg, and there spent all the night, fearing to see the sky reddened by a distant glow of destruction, for token that their device had been in vain.

It was late in the afternoon before Emma caught sight of their friends coming through the forest. With a shout of joy she ran down from her watch-tower crying "They come themselves to tell us all is well!" She was right. Instead of sending a messenger they had come themselves to announce their happy deliverance to the friends who had brought the robbers' design to naught.

"How can we express our gratitude?" said Sir Theobald to Lady Rosalind, as he sprang from his horse.

"There is no need," she replied. "Right glad are we to be able, in some measure, to repay your kindness. But, if any thanks are owing, it is Emma who thought of making the dove the messenger."

"And that," said Emma, "came of Agnes' generosity in giving me her pet."

"Take it back, and a thousand times welcome!" cried Agnes, who had brought the dove with her in a basket.

Ottilia said, "Heaven be thanked that from such peril has saved our house, through the means of so many good friends and an innocent dove!"

This happened many years ago, but the massive eastle of Falkenberg still stands in its splendour to remind travellers that a good action is never done in vain, even to the simplest of God's creatures.

Mr. Shepherd—''Put away that Friendship Book. When I start Geometry, all friendship eeases.''

PROCRASTINATION

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

By HARRY PAIKIN.

It was my first acquaintance with Dante, and I was so impressed, that all the day I thought of nothing but "Inferno" and the Shade of Vergil. At night as I walked along the avenue, it seemed to me that I saw imps and red demons, with fiery green eyes, and horns, and long, lolling tongues, lurking in every dark corner. As I lay in bed and heard the wind howling through the treetops. I thought of the fiendish wails of agony that echoed and re-echoed throughout the length of Hades; and in the morning, the steam of my breath in the cold air reminded me of the greenish yellow vapour issuing forth from the Devil's great cauldrons.

Indeed, so greatly was I affected by the poet's wealth of imagination that I forgot all things else and became possessed of but one idea, namely, to finish the book in one great gulp, and then to devour it over again. Thus I formed the habit of putting off my work for a more snitable time, and thus fell a victim to the fiend, procrastination.

At first, as with all other bad habits, the menace looked small and puny, something easily conquered by the will. But gradually it loomed larger and larger nntil I, who had been thus far deceiving myself, was at last terrified to find that it was my master. The few neglected chapters had become a veritable mountain of unknown pages; so that an ingrained laziness, combined with the seeming hopelessness of my task, caused me to deceive myself into believing that it was now too late to begin again, and I sank deeper into the mire.

Each day I told myself that I would begin again to-morrow, but for me to-morrow never came. To read a book for the pleasure of reading it, voluntarily, is far more agreeable and more easy than to read one as a compulsory task. So that I had only to let my eye stray from a cold algebra or geometry to the warm, glowing classic of Dante's and my even-

ing's resolutions to study faithfully were shattered. It was now the third time that I was reading "Inferno," for, such is the greatness of a classic that, at each different time that it is read, there may be found some new hidden meaning, some new beauty of thought and expression; so that the interest and the enthusiasm is ever increased by a new light, a new insight into the writer's mind.

And so matters might have gone on indefinitely, while I continued to fall farther and farther behind. But there came a day that I was rudely and forcibly awakened to the full, terrible realization of the vice which had all but mastered me, and this happened in the following manner:

I came out of school one afternoon, after being made particularly wretched by a vigilant teacher, who stressed only too well my most profound ignorance of trigonometry, and beheld a sky overeast by a gigantic black cloud, which lowered threateningly over the whole city. And, as a person afflicted with a particular ailment seems to gather a certain philosophic consolation on beholding another afflicted with the same ailment, so I felt somewhat consoled upon beholding the wretched state of the weather. Nature, at least, was in sympathy with me.

Turning down Main street, I proceeded homewards, thinking with a sinking heart about the coming examinations. A wind had sprung up, and here and there along the sidewalks, was commingling in a gay whirl the dust of the streets with the fallen brown leaves. The clouds had begun to move in a massive black line across the heavens, and the western sky was suddenly lighted by a seeming heavenly radiance.

I hastened my steps in order to arrive home before the storm broke, and of a sudden experienced a curious lightheartedness. Being one of those unfortunates who is governed by moods, I had often experienced an epieurean pleasure at the thought of lying curled up in luxurious comfort before a cheerful fire, a book spread out in front of me, while the wind howled outside and the rain spattered upon the roof overhead. So that this night I welcomed with joy the thought of spending a pleasant evening. As for my work, that would keep for another time. Meanwhile nothing must interfere with my comfort, no unpleasant thoughts concerning algebra and trigonometry must mar my enjoyment.

As I walk, the world becomes shrouded in a veil of darkness. How fielde is nature! The heavens, but yesternight a moonlit sea, have without warning become a swirling, raging whirlpool! Now and then short lightnings shooting through the sky reveal a heavy onrush of ominous clouds. Suddenly the thunder, beginning with a low growl, breaks forth in a mighty roar of fury, and thick, stinging drops beat down in my face. The storm, as if released from a long bondage, overwhelms the earth in a mighty cataract; a windblown sheet of iey water, which, like a mereiless war-lord, drives all to destruetion. And thus, throughout the long night, the tempest rages.

Ah, unfortunate one that I am, with what relish I ate my substantial supper that night! Had I but the slightest inkling of the experience which I was soon to undergo, perhaps I would not, like a greedy gourmand, have asked for a third helping of dessert. Nay, it is more likely that I would have left my supper-of which I partook so heavily, and which was, I am certain, the cause of all my woes-totally untouched. As it was, I smacked my lips, as would a Falstaff, after satisfying the foremost law of nature, and sinking down in glorious ease amid the soft down of a morris chair, I drew up my legs under me, while the fire crackled pleasantly, and was soon deeply engrossed in the depths of "Inferno."

On and on I read, undisturbed by the frequently flashing lightnings, and the thunders, which, growing ever stronger and more fierce, seemed as if they would rend the very house from its foundations. But at last Morpheus, whom I had thus far rebuffed, would brook play no longer. Slowly the book slid from my hand, my eyelids began to close drowsily, and I

experienced that feeling of lethargy which comes over one after partaking too freely of the earth's bounty. I became but half-sensible to my surroundings. In a darkening haze the room took on weird, grotesque shapes; the fire seemed to flare up suddenly till it assumed the proportions of a furious conflagration, and—I fell back in deep and profound slumber.

Then I dreamed-a vision such as only a supper like the one I had eaten could ereate. It seemed that the four walls of the room, animated by some supernatural force, quickly receded until they disappeared in dark, gloomy caverus; that the floor gradually descended, lower and lower, till at las" it took shape as a rocky terrace in the very bowels of the earth. From everywhere, and yet from nowhere, came a long, drawn-out wail, which suddenly broke off into a harsh, rasping, demoniacal laughter; then, as suddenly, rose to an agonized, blood-curdling shriek. What child of caprice Good heavens! could this be? What name had this foul nest of fiends?

Of a sudden, the air is rent by a thunderous roar, a thick, yellow-gray smoke cozes forth from the porous walls, malieious tongues of fire shoot out from every corner, and, pursuing a horde of erazed, shricking creatures, in cold terror I recognized the very master of Hades himself! Then he is gone, in his fiery chariot, drawn by two green-eyed serpents! For a moment I stand, my eyes staring, unable to move. Then comes a sweeping reaction, and I shake as with the palsy, like an aspen leaf.

For a space all became silent. Then, turning, I beheld in mute wonder, Dante, and accompanying him, the august Shade of Vergil! My heart leaped within me! Surely, with them I could find protection, shelter from the countless, unknown dangers conjured up by my fertile imagination. All at once the Shade of Vergil looked up, and beholding me, beckoned to me to approach. When I had done so, in a surprisingly cultured and gentle voice it asked of me, "How camest thou here?" "I do not know," I replied, "in what strange manner I made the transition from our earth to these hellish regions."

"Wondrous, indeed, are the ways of

nature!'' commented the Shade.

Puzzled, but not daring to satisfy my curiosity by questioning the Shade as to the portent of these words, I remained silent.

"Since thou art here, thou mayest aceompany us on our journey through Hades. But take heed lest thou lose sight of our persons, else misfortune will surely befall thee."

And so, with a heart filled with gratitude, I went with them on their way.

To describe all the horrors I beheld would be a task almost beyond human powers. Let it suffice, therefore, that I relate those several scenes which had the most effect on me. After viewing the different stages of suffering and anguish which was the lot of certain, woebegone souls, whose earthly life had been given to sensuality and an egotistical gratification of desires, of murderers and thieves, and of sundry others who had lived evil lives, we came at last upon a scene, which, because of its proximity to my own thoughts, made the hair stand up on my head.

In the centre of a large, forbidding cavern, there was burning, with a heat so intense that it all but drove out the senses, a mighty furnace, in which, jutting out like evil black spikes, lay a row of six iron rods—branding rods—and, clustered about the furnace, ministering to the flames, their grinning, evil features reflected in the glowing light, was a horde of black imps, the Devil's own servants.

"But wait, thy curiosity will soon be satisfied," said the Shade of Vergil to me, in answer to my thoughts. Thereupon, there entered the cavern two red demons, bearing between them a poor, weeping soul, whose piteous eries but lent merriment to his black-hearted captors. Immediately a half dozen imps, like insatiable vultures, sprang upon the creature, bound him hand and foot, then lashed him to insensibility with great whips of steel.

Suddenly these fiends sprang up, and each grasping a rod, imprinted the flat, white-hot end of it in the sensitive, quivering flesh of their vietim. This done, they revived him with cold water, and, grinning maliciously, left him to endure the exeruciating torture of his condition. Oh, God! that I should be a witness of

this. Many more were brought in and treated in a like manner. I grew faint with revulsion; a nameless dread seized me, and in a shaking voice, I asked: "What crime have these poor souls been guilty of that they must suffer thus?"

"These," answered the Shade of Vergil, "are those accursed whose watchword was procrastination, whose maxim throughout life was, "I shall do it to-morrow."

I started violently. Many times had I given voice to these self-same words, and to me they had seemed innocent enough, if, perhaps, smacking somewhat of indolence.

"Look!" exclaimed the Shade.

The suffering souls arose, twisting and writhing in their agony, and behold! on their backs, branded in great red capital letters, were the words, "I Shall Do It To-Morrow." Oh, the cold horror of it! A wave of keen repentance, of virtue inspired by terror, possessed me. If ever I should return to earth——.

Glad enough was I when we left the foul place. We next came to a chamber, from which there issued forth such a volley of mocking laughter, such heart-rending, piteous sobs, such an insane commotion, that I thought surely Bedlam must be a veritable haven of peace in comparison. We entered.

Oh, the sight that met our eves! There, on a long table in the centre of the room, lay a jumbled mass of bones and skulls of every size and form, which a number of hideous little dwarfs were busily engaged in piecing together into skeletons, grinning and ghastly. Soon, alas, too soon, I was to discover the reason of their work. In the darkest corner of the chamber, huddled together in numb terror, erouched a motley collection of individuals, who gazed out of glassy eyes at the bloody jaws of monstrons, redeved dogs; great, ferocious brutes, straining at their leashes, which were held by chafing demons, impatient to see the animals freed. At any moment might come the terrible word of command, at any-

Suddenly there is a fiendish ery, "Now!" and with a leap of insensate fury, the great beasts bear down upon their hypnotized victims, and proceed to rend them limb from limb.

The scene was so horrible that I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again the victims had disappeared.

"Such is the fate," explained the Shade of Vergil, "of those unhappy ones who lived lives made irresponsible by the motto 'Another time will do as well."

With a quaking heart, I directed my attention to one of these afflicted creatures, who, kneeling on the ground, his hands clasped in supplication, made plea in an agonized voice: "How long yet, O All-Powerful, how long yet must we piue? Cannot now our pain be alleviated?" And thereupon a voice, a relentless voice, made answer, "Another time will do as well!"

A chill thrilled me through and left me weak and spent.

I turned about. Then a benumbing fear pierced to my very heart, for my companions were nowhere to be seen! Half-erazed with anxiety, I rushed out, looking to all sides; but they had van-Left thus friendless and alone, what was I to do? Of a sudden, a hellish voice cried, "Seize him, he is a slave to every form of procrastination!" waited to hear no more. Fear, lending fleetness to my feet, I took to my heels, and ran, blindly, wherever my senses directed. Behind me, so close that I could feel their hot breaths on my neck, came a howling pack of fiends, their eager, clutching hands outstretched to catch hold of my hair. Gradually my pace slackened, my feet grew beavy as lead, and, just when I thought they had at last caught me, came a blinding flash of light, a vast gaping pit opened before me and I fell headlong, down, down into the darkness---.

I awoke in a cold sweat. Oh, how I cursed my gluttony! And how relieved was I to find myself alive and on earth once more! In this world there is a goodly mixture of evil and good, of beauty and ugliness. And it is this very evil which makes us esteem the good, this very ugliness which causes us to recognize the beautiful; so, too, do we appreciate the sweet when we taste of the bitter. Thus it was that my heart was

filled with a full and flowing gratitude; after experiencing the terrors of a Hades, how great was my appreciation of the ealm peace of our earth!

And at the same moment I formed a most noble and exalted resolution. No more would I attempt the theft of time, the wanton waste of precious hours; indeed, should I ever again encounter the same horrors, I would be able to behold them with a guiltless, though pitying, mind.

How long I shall maintain this determination I am in no position to state. Suffice it to say that I was thoroughly frightened; but whether the scare will endure in its effects, only time, that great revealer of destinies, will show.

MOODS AND HUES

(Continued from page 29)

I know thy heart is weary, I know the lonely way Come to Me beloved, Come—I'll be thy stay.

In the sky above, the stars like beacons of hope appeared. In the east, the moon, in amber glory rose. In the west, the sinking sun still shed a warm and rosy flush. The lake surged boisterously; and o'er its frothy billows danced a moonbeam, which lit up all the wet rocks to cheer me. The wind blew to me joyfully, bringing the sounds of revelry from the distant pleasure resort; and lights appeared in the farmhouses to augment the happiness of the scene. Far out on the lake, a freighter trudged along. It disappeared in the mist. With it I sent my troubles; and laughed aloud for the sheer joy of living in this kindly world. Then we prayed, my friend and I-

"O God, help us to see in beautiful nature a reflection of Thy goodness, and to realize that we ourselves, form a small but important part in the great lifepictures, Thou dost paint. Help us to play this part with a glad and willing heart until our day is over, and night, and an endless day are drawing nigh."

THE RADIO CLUB

Edited by L. DAVIS, Sec.-treas.

New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth, He must ever up and onward, who would keep abreast with Trnth.

Not many pupils in the school, know what the Radio Club is for. Many think that a few fellows meet every other Thursday night, for the sole purpose of listening to some dry lecture away over their heads. This is absolutely what we do not do. We meet to hear speakers who show the beginners how to build their first sets, what kind to build, and just how to do it. As well as the dope for beginners, we have plenty of good, first class information for the more advanced amateur. If any member of the elub should have a set with some trouble, that the operator cannot locate, all he has to do is to ask his fellow members. The advanced amateurs of the club aim to be of all the help they can to those new to the game, and this is the best kind of help to get, because every amateur has been through the mill. The average amateur loves the sport that Radio affords, and is willing to help others to graduate from the ranks of the Broadcast Listener, to that of a real "ham,"

Most people think, that all Radio consists of is listening to music from some distant city. That is one great division, but there is still a greater one, and the greater division consists of the above mentioned AMATEURS. Here is where the real sport comes in. Imagine just sitting before a transmitter and calling somebody a couple of hundred miles away—then he answers your call and you slip him the message—the reply comes back saying that he got it all right. Wouldn't that make you feel good? Well, there is the thrill the amateur gets, when he gets the goods across.

Why don't you join in with us? It is just as good a sport as football, and there is no reason why it shouldn't be classed in with the rest of the school sports.

Our Radio Club is Affiliated with the American Radio Relay League, which is the greatest wireless organization in the world, but we shall let 3 O Y tell it in his own words:

The A. R. R. L. is a continent wide organization of Radio men and women, bonded together for the Relaying of friendly messages from one station to another, cooperation in Radio experimenting, and for the proctection of Amateur interest in relation to Government Legislation.

Its headquarters are at Hartford, Connecticut. The secretary of the association is also the editor of the official A. R. R. L. magazine, Q. S. T. The League supports various departments, such as the Operating Dept., which arranges the relay stations into various routes to facilitate the relaying of messages in their proper direction. Another is the Technical Dept., consisting of several experts in Radio Telephony and Telepathy, who investigate all new circuits and apparatus, commenting upon them in the official organ. They also give technical advice to any member, who may ask for their service.

In short all real Radio men belong to the A. R. R. L.

Now 3 I F will tell you some secrets about the Relay Division of our club:

This year the H. C. R. C. has enrolled all the traffic handling stations of Hamilton. These relay stations, namely 3 O Y, 3 H T, 3 D B, 3 C X and 3 I F, will deliver messages to any place in North America free of charge for persons in the school. Messages should be made brief as possible.

Here-to-fore, Hamilton has been called the City of Living Death by the amateur fraternity of Canada. But these stations expect, this year, to kill that reputation by breaking all records in traffic handling, and they will do it too. Ili!

The following are the stations doing the good work:

3 O Y-Spence Allan, 233 Herkimer St.

3 H T—H Richardson, 92 East Ave. N. 3 D B—Jack Bain, 65 Garfield Ave. S.

3 C X—W. Kelterbourne, 173 Gladstone.

3 I F-Reg. Hender, 34 Stanley Ave.

Hon. Pres.—Mr. E. Morrison, B. A. Pres.—Mr. J. S. Jackson, B. A.

Vice-pres.—Jack Bain.

Sec.-treas.-Leonard Davis.

Instructors—Spence Allan, Reg. Hender. Programs—W. Mogridge, J Sweet and J Bain.

"The H. C. R. C. will now sign off."



L. SOMMERVILLE, Editor.

The exchanges this year were almost all received since last January. As there was no nineteen twenty-three Easter "Vox," they have to be acknowledged in this number.

Among the many papers received, are several newcomers to our exchange list. We welcome these very cordially and invite them to come again. Our regular exchanges are like old friends, which we look forward to each year with renewed interest. We received this year, magazines from twenty-seven different schools and colleges.

We wish to acknowledge the following: "Acadia Athenaeum," Wolfville, N. S.; "Acta Ludi," Oshawa, Ont.; "Acta Vietoriana," Toronto, Ont.; "Argus," Saulte St. Marie, Out .: "Arrow," Lakewood, Ohio; "Auditorium," Owen Sound, Ont .: "Bishop's College School Magazine," Lennoxville, Que.; "Brandon College Quill," Brandon, Man.; "Calendar," (H. C. H. S.), Buffalo, N. Y.; "College Times," (U. C. C.), Toronto, Out.; "Collegiate," Sarnia, Ont.; "Collegiate Outlook," Moosejaw, Sask.; ''Inae,'' Hanover, New Hampshire; "Keramos," East Liverpool. Ohio; "L. C. C. I. Review," London, Ont .: "Oakwood Oracle," Toronto, Ont.; "Ola Podrida,'' Halifax, N. S.; "Prospect," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Red and Black Tatler," Markdale, Ont.; "St. Andrew's College Review," Toronto, Out.; "Screech Owl," Bowmanville, Ont.; "Specula Galtonia," Galt, Ont.; "Tek," (H. T. S.), Hamilton, Out.; "Trinity University Review," Toronto, Ont.; "Twig," (U. T. S.), Toronto, Ont.; "Vox Collegiensis," St. Catharines, Ont.; "Vox Collegii," (O. L. C.), Whitby, Ont.

"Acadia Athenaeum":-Your paper is good and deals well with every phase of your school, but better headings and a couple of pages of cartoons would be a big improvement.

"College Times": Good material and an excellent exchange list. Come again.

"Auditorium":—A credit to the place whence it comes. Shows co-operation on the part of the staff.

"Review":—As usual a very good magazine. Every department is given its full share. Your French Page is a great innovation.

"Arrow":—A well edited paper, but a few staff pictures would show us who you are.

"Vox Collegiensis":—You have a fairly good paper for your school. If you could rekindle your lagging school spirit you would be able to put out a better edition.

"Specula Galtonia":—Why not make one or two big numbers in a year? The present magazine doesn't live up to the standards of your school.

"Olla Podrida":—Great! A good idea having the tables of the different corridors. Why not a few jokes?

Red and Black Tatler ":--A few pietures would make a good paper better.

"Tek":—A dandy initial appearance. The "Vox" will be having big opposition in the near future.

"Screech Owl":—Another first number an excellent attempt. "Who's who and Why" is good. Congratulations on the successful presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"'Vox Collegii'':—Good material assembled in the right way. Your pictures are indeed fine. We hope the originals are as nice as the pictures.

"Prospect":—A snappy little paper.

"Inae":—You have an excellent exchange list, besides all the other good features.

"Twig":—A great monthly dealing with the activities of the school,

"Argus':—An excellent little magazine. One suggestion—why not some staff pictures?

"Collegiate Outlook": -You are fortunate to get two schools to work so well together. Your paper is a great credit to your efforts.

"Acta Ludi":-Fine! Keep it up and you will grow beter as you grow bigger.

"Collegiate":—An excellent paper. Large and filled from cover to cover with news. You have a fine football team, but watch ours.

"Brandon College Quill":—A small, but compact paper. A few cartoons would liven it up.

Ernie is thinking too deeply and we fear he is becoming absent minded. The other day while hurrying to catch a car, he thought he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it.

You don't need to tell us who she is, Ernie; we know anyway.

The good die young.
This might be true regarding folks,
But, sorry to say,
It isn't of jokes.

We hear Hazell's so tough he holds np his socks with thumb-tacks. Is it true, Bob?

Geo. Allan—"Is this a first class restaurant?"

Waiter—"Certainly! But we'll serve you."

The Dramatic Club

LLOYD SOMMERVILLE-Editor

The beginning of this term and eventually the organizing of the Lyceum brought forth a movement for a Dramatic Club. The idea, I am pretty sure, has been lying dormant in many minds for a long time but needed some one to start it into action.

The organization meeting on October the twenty-fourth was attended by fifty-four boys and girls. Miss Nellie Martin was elected secretary and Lloyd Sommerville, president. Mr. Ed. Morrison is the teacher who is acting as counsellor and coach. He was present at the first meeting and outlined what work the club would take up in the coming months.

The second meeting was held on the first Wednesday in November. The attendance was practically the same as at the first meeting, with a few additional members. Miss Miriam Ostrosser favoured us with a short reading, which was followed by a few stump speeches by different members of the club.

It was decided to have a debate at the next meeting and four were chosen to take this in haud. A draw resulted in Miss Jean Campbell and James Ogilvy getting the affirmative and Miss M. Ostrosser and Lloyd Sommerville the negative. The subject chosen was "Resolved that a Boy of High School Age has a Better Time, than a Girl of High School Age."

It is the plan of the club to prepare Pantomimes, Sketches and, if possible, a large play. I sincerely hope that our membership will keep increasing so that the club will be a great benefit to every one concerned.

Jeweller-"'This ring is two dollars more than the plain one, on account of the chasing."

Ogilvy-"Oh, but you won't have to chase me. I'm going to pay for what I get."



ALAN T. CHRISTIE, Editor.

"Nune cursu lampada tibi trado."

In ancient days it was the custom—in the relay—to carry a torch, to be passed by each runner to the one following. For practical purposes we, in this less romantic age, imitate this beckening flame by a more or less insignificant baton. But we have not lost the true interpretation of the classic symbol.

Even as the fleet-footed sons of ancient Greece and Rome were inspired to greater achievement for the sake of the coveted laurel, so we, seeing before us the torch of Truth, Honour and Character, are thrilled by the magnitude of the task which lies before us.

Many of our friends have left our classrooms in the past year, and the flame which has kindled the hopes and resolutions of hundreds of students in years gone by will light our paths and make the rocky places less treacherous.

Let this be our promise to them: that since they have passed the torch to us, we shall endeavour to put forth our greatest effort in the interests of the old school.

We are sorry to state that, at the close of last term several members of our staff left the school to fill other positions. They earry with them our best wishes.

Miss Alberta Watson is teaching Art and Physical Culture at London Collegiate Institute.

B. L. Simpson, the former Head of our Mathematics department, has accepted the position of principal of the East End Collegiate, and has taken with him Miss Kathleen McVean and C. G. Beck, both formerly on the staff of this school.

Glen Teeter is taking Post Graduate Work at McMaster University.

Of our students, Universities have called many. Those at University of Toronto are: Egerton Harris, Jean McLaughlin, Sally Brennen, Nelson McFarlane, and J. Finkelman, in Arts; Ross Harris, Art. Turner, Robert Nicholson, Ross Lymburner, and Kemlo Baxter, in Medicine; Gord. Willard, Chas. Carter and Jeff. Smith, in School of Practical Science, and also Grace Taylor, Eli Bird and J. Borovoy.

Queen's has called Bob Stringer, editor of our last Vox, Frank McKelvey, Ted Gillies, Frank Spears, Jim Houlden, Ken. Waller, and Harry Slater.

Abner Coleman is taking an Engineering Course at McGill,

Lawrence Barry is attending Western University.

Alice Brown, Irene Adamstone, Georgina Ross, Jean Smith, Lilian Gordon, Agnes Park, Annie Hawe, Lois Bartlett, Jean Radford, Olive Garland, Myrtle Beer, Olive Gracey, Reta Gompf, Mary Buzza, Jean Hunter, Corinne Calderone, Beulah Dwyer, Kathleen Leaver, Clementina Lanzillotta, Edna Bracken, Lillian Walker, Ola Fawcett, Grace Burkholder, Ellen Hamilton and Wm. McCormick are at Normal School.

Freda and Helen Sauber are living in Los Angeles, the former is attending University of Southern California and the latter is at High School.

Business Colleges have claimed many: Margaret Lawson, Caroline Green, Ruth Bowstead, Gladys Thompson, Cameron McGillivray, Ruth McDonald, Owen Smith, Betty Booker, Reta Galloway, Vivian Herbert, W. Thompson, E. Turner, H. RabinoWork.

witz, Mary McMillan, Marjory Clendenning. Dorothy McKeown, Lucille Green, Melba Johnson, Dorothy Smith and Leroy Page.

Margaret Currie, Harold Roberts, expressident of the Lyceum, D'Arcy Lee and Philip Barrs are working in local law offices.

Jean Kelly, Ilka Leonard, Margery Griffith, Marion Begg, Dorothy Lees, Alex. Carr and Murray Crawford are at home. Gwen Owen is doing Social Service

Kathleen Best is attending Oakwood Collegiate in Toronto.

Jean McKay is a nurse-in-training.

Violet Maw is at Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Bill McCulloch, an ex-president of the Lyceum and assistant editor of our last Vox, is on the reporting staff of the 'Spectator.'

Margery Anderson is living in New York.

Edith McKay and Edith Brown are attending Branksome Hall, Toronto.

Violet Stone and K. Bowstead are studying music.

Alex. Crawford is playing in Roy Swartz's Orchestra.

Gerald Porteous, Colwell McFarlane and Aubrey Beatty are working in local banks. Francis Aylwin is attending High School in Regina.

George Davis is in his brother's office. Harry Gunn, Harry Stewart and Nelson James are working at Otis-Fensom Elevator Co.

Those in local drug stores are: Charlie Ryan. Gordon Robinson, Wm. Dickson, George Leary and Harold Warburton.

Earl Woods, Dave Scott, Chas. Bowstead and Ralph Hallam are working at Steel Co. of Canada.

Bert Challen is in business for himself, selling electric light bulbs.

Jack McHaffic is in the Provincial Tax Office.

Harvey Hall is working at Lees' Jewellery Store; Horace Aylwin, at Bell Telephone Office; Gordon Zealand, at Mills' Hardware; Walter Furneaux, at Buntin, Gillies; David Bouskill, at Doolittle & Russell's; Allan Marshall at Begg & Co., and John Bissett at Dominion Glass Co.

Ray Shea, Victor Green, John Brennen,

and Carle Robins are working with their fathers.

Charlie Moffat is a salesman in Leslie's Shoe Store.

Vern House is an operator in G. N. W. Telegraph Office.

Bill Woods is managing Milton's Shoe Store on King St. E.

K. Petrie is at North Toronto High

Gerald Wright is attending Hillerest School.

Jean Gerrie is at McDonald Hall, Guelph.

Lylah McLaren has returned to the city and is teaching dancing at her new studio.

Carl Blatz is at school in Buffalo.
C. W. Jolly is attending Staunton Mili-

c. W. Joffy is attending Staunton Mintary Academy.

Frank Beube is operating a gas station on the Hamilton-Niagara highway.

Pat McKinnon is in a local architect's

Lucille Martin is teaching music. Lindsay Mutter is in the County Engineer's Office.

Our Favourite Song.

Yes! We have no detention room, We have no detention this year. We've got all kinds of chickens, Which all raise the dickens, And Fords, Oh! You ought to see. They go slithering through the mud, Right up to the hub. But, Yes! We have no detention, We have no detention this year.

-By C. Beatty.

Griffin—"We are now living in the days of prohibition, but there is one thing which is always full."

Cook-"What?"

Griffin-" 'Mr. Simpson's car."

McKiel (after Miss McVean has reproved him for idleness)—"Well it's uo use finding fault, as I was cut out for a loafer."

Miss McVean—"Well, whoever cut you out, he certainly knew his business thoroughly."



ಕಾರ್ಗ * Dark Scheme *

JOHN E. LARGE

The intense darkness of the small furnished room was no blacker than the ebony visage of Emery Lincoln White, who was tossing restlessly about in the narrow bed which he shared with his crafty roommate, Napoleon Caesar Johnson.

"Say, dere, Emery Lincoln White, ef yo' all on 'y keep in a mo res'ful condition, dis yere nigger might be able to think of a plan by which us truly will be able to keep dis yere room anoder week," exploded the big roommate, Napoleon.

"Well, dat's just whut's a' makin' po' me so nervous," expostulated Emery.

"Kindly close yo' lips—tight," commanded Napoleon. "Ah feels an inspiration comin' over me."

There was a pause of perhaps a full minute. Then the authoritative bass voice of Napoleon Caesar Johnson broke the awkward silence.

"Dis is de plan," began the voice. "No, no, yo' needn't climb outen yo' bed to listen to me."

Emery sank back dejectedly.

"Now Ah will continue. As yo' know, unless some one ob us two gets a brilliant idea, we all will go outen dis yere apartment like a light."

Napoleon's cloquent wave of the hand was lost in the gloom. "Hab yo' digested dat permiscuous news?"

Emery grunted assent.

"A' right, den, ah will continue. Ethelbert Jackson is got a puffectly good 1910 Ford what he nebber uses. Now, Jackson owes dis yere coon ten berries which posilutely sticks to him lak glue. Derefore, 'stead o' paying' me dat money, ah'd he satisfied to hab a loan ob dat cah fo' jist one half hour.''

"What good's dat," inquired the mystified Emery, in a high pitched voice.

"N-n-not so fast, dere brudder, I'se a 'comin' to dat in de near future. Ef mah brain functions correckly, ah recollecks dat yo' possesses accident insurance. Is Ah right in dat consumption?"

"Puffickly right," assured Emery, "hut whut's dat got ter do wif ottomobiles?"

"Ah asks yo'," remonstrated Napoleon, "don' yo' eber use yo' kinky haid fo' nothin' mo' dan a hat-rack?"

"Ah suttinly does," snapped the little darkey, "but yo' idea ain't no mo' plainer ter me dan mud."

"Well," replied Napoleon, heaving a forced sigh, "de light ob yo' intelligence ain't no mo' luminous dan de light in dis yere room. Dis is de plan: Ah'll be drivin' de ol' Ford down Main Street an' you'll be walkin' along a coupla' blocks ahead. When yo' hears me comin' slowly near yo', yo' start crossin' de street. Den bang! an' yo' collects de insurance.'

Emery's brain didn't seem to grasp the audacious plan. Slowly the full meaning dawned upon him and he lay perfectly still with mouth agape. His eyes rolled fearfully as he pictured himself writhing beneath the wheels of a mighty Ford of the vintage of 1910.

"Ah posilutely think Ah ain't goin' ter do no seeh thing," he declared, stoutly.

"Huh, thinks yo' ain't don' make yo'

ain't.'' was the gruff reply. "Brudder, yo' is!" And that settled it.

All the remainder of the long, hot night, Emery lay there thinking, thinking, thinking of some plan other than the one proposed by Napoleon. Finally, one presented itself to his tired brain. He feared to arouse his big roommate, so he turned the plan over and over in his mind, until, by dawn he had it so perfectly worked out in his mind that he was forced to pinch himself to make sure it hadn't taken place already.

As soon as Napoleon awoke, Emery poured his ideas into the bewildered ears of his roommate.

"Napoleon Caesar Johnson, Ah's got de mos' wonderfullest plan fo' gettin' money dat yo' eber did hear,' he ejaculated, slapping Napoleon cordially on the back.

"Go on, get it outen yo' mis-a-ble system."

"Listen, it's a puffeckly scrumbunetuous plan." began Emery, with forced
enthusiasm. "We all will haf to trable
to some darktown populace, an pertend to
be Wall St. brokers, who have jest discovered dat dere is piles ob oil in dat
section. We'll all go walkin' around some
big open piece of ground, tappin' de rocks
wif dem hammers we are got. Show dem
some oil which we mus' say we destracted from dat groun', and de news'll spread,
an' fo' y' know it, we'll be distributin'
oil stock like German marks! Den we
mus' skiddoo, savvy?'' he finished, grinning at Napoleon's bright nod.

"Dat sure am once Ah got ter take off mah head-gear ter mah po'runt of a roommate," affirmed Napoleon. "It suttinly is scrumbunctuons, al' right. So dat's de plan us shall execute. Shall us?"

"Us shall," agreed Emery, joyously, the awful weight of an ancient Ford lifted from him.

Two days later, Napoleon and Emery stepped off the little X. Y. Z. Railroad Pullman onto the dusty platform which, by means of a faded sign board, announced the location of Bennington Centre.

"So dis am Paris", grinned Emery, surveying the peaceful hamlet.

"No wise cracks dere, young one," warned Napoleon, who towered above him with a suitease in each hand. "An',

listen, Ah's goin' ter stop inter Bumbell's Real Estate Emporium to engage a empty store fer an office. Remember, we is frum 711 Wall St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and we pas ses under de name ob de Eureka Oil Company. Does yo' get dat?'

"Ah ain't deaf, is Ah?"

"Good afternoon, brudder," spoke Napoleon, ignoring Emery's remark, and addressing a wide-eyed old darky looking them over as they trudged along the dusty road toward him. "How is is yo' dis glorious afternoon?"

The old darky nodded humbly, as Napoleon, with his imitation diamond searf pin glittering in the sunlight, stopped before him.

"Who all is yo' two?" inquired the old fellow, with unmistakable curiosity.

"Oh, er, we all is not a goin' to convulge our identity to nobody jest yet," replied the tall negro.

The two oil magnates went on.

"Ah hopes he follers us," added Emery, stealing a sly glance behind him, "cause he's a turrible curious man, Ah bet."

Curiosity is what we wants," said Napoleon, and with great pomp, both negroes entered Bumbell's Real Estate Emporium, and without divulging their business quickly concluded a bargain for the renting of a nearby office.

The next day there were two very curious spectators at the rocky piece of land, where Napoleon was tapping rocks. Poor Emery was doing his best to rap the rock as deftly as his partner. The two interested persons were Mr. Bumbell, the gaunt negro who attended to the town's real estate wauts, and the curious old darky whom the two oil fakers had met the day previous. That night the old man quickly spread the news at the town's general store and, the following day, several more mildly interested negroes gathered around the two partners as they diligently tapped the stones.

Napoleon saw a chance to create a good deal of publicity, and stepping over to where Emery was industriously rapping a large rock, he quietly whispered something. Then he began speaking aloud in a business-like tone, ignoring apparently, the presence of the listening spectators.

"I say, Emery, did yo' all sign dat contrack fo' dat million dollar oil deal we jes' done put across in Squedunk?"

"Oh-h-h, yas, Ah done did dat when Ah signed dat oder bill for de Rolls-Ruff ottomobile we is gettin'."

"Well, when yo' goes back to de office ternight, don' fergit to order dem oil drills for dis yere place, case dere's a billion dollars wuth ob oil in dis gronn'."

"Yas sir, dere is sure ernuff oil in dis yere groun' ter make J. D. Rockefeller blush wid envy!"

The colored natives stared credulously at each other. It certainly was a great honor for this town to have such powerful personages as these here. And that night while the two oil brokers chuckled over their day's success, the town was agog with anticipation, and the following morning an eager crowd was assembled to watch the strangers at work. Napoleon shrewdly and gleefully observed that the natives felt honored that he had chosen Benuington Centre to be the scene of his oil operations.

Twelve times that day both Emery and Napoleon were beset with entreating negroes who had saved several hundred dollars each, and who desired to invest their savings in "Eureka Oil Stocks." But the partners flatly refused, declaring they would not sell less than a thousand dollars worth of stock to any one customer.

The idea worked to perfection, for that evening, three of darktown's richest inhabitants purchased each one thousand dollars worth of the fake stocks.

Inside of the first snecessful week as oil promoters, Napoleon and his companion saw the two oil drills, which they had purchased with the town's money, satisfactorily erected. All the following week they were beset by the colored populace to sell the stocks in fifty dollar shares. Reluctantly the partners agreed to lower their dignity and sell the shares at fifty dollars each. Then the money poured in thick and fast, for the presence of responsible workers whom they had hired, increased the confidence of the darkies.

It was at this point of the enterprise that Napoleon fell victim to the greatest lure on earth—he was in love, and the unlucky female was no other than Euphemia Blackwood, the daughter of darktown's richest inhabitant.

It was also at this stage of the game, hat Emery began to notice that some of the more incredulous investors were growing suspicious at the delay in the production of the much-anticipated oil. He informed Napoleon of the fact, but the latter could see nothing in the world but Euphemia. And so, the plot grows thicker.

Finally, by dint of much persuasion, Emery succeeded in waking his companion up to the fact that, unless he desired to be buried in the village graveyard, he had better escape from the precincts of Bennington Centre.

Sunday morning dawned clear and warm. Emery got up from his improvised cot in the back of the store and, gazing out of the dingy side window, was just able to discern the usual crowd of impatient darkies at the motionless oil wells.

"Well, nigger, Ah is a goin'ter skiddoo wif mah share of de booty dis morning?." announced Emery, briefly, to his heavy eyed companion. "Fo' de las' time, Ah axes yo', is yo' comin' or is yo' ain't?"

Napoleon looked first at the crowd down by the oil drill, then he looked at the picture of Euphemia on the bureau.

"I'se a 'goin'," he declared, mournfully.

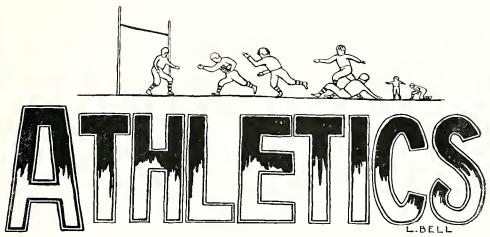
And so they hurriedly jammed their goods into the two suitcases and after cautiously peering about the street in the vicinity of the store, they set off toward the station to eatch the morning local.

They were just about to cross the field leading to the tumbled-down depot, when Emery, casually glancing behind him, saw the crowd running pell-mel toward them, indistinctly yelling something as they ran.

"Oh-h-h, Lawdy, Napoleon, dey is a 'comin' arter us, '' bawled Emery. "Ef yo' all had on 'y listened when ah done tol' yo' dey wuz wise ter us. Come yere, now, yo' goodfernartin' nigger, '' blubbered the little fellow, as Napoleon started to run, "yo' all is a-goin' ter stan' yere an' face de mnsic wif me. Tain't no use ter run, nohow.''

Napoleon, suddenly realizing their predicament, became so paralyzed with abject terror, that nothing less than dynamite could have moved him.

(Continued on page 66)



DON BUDGE, Editor.

The story of Athletics in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute for 1923 is a pleasing subject to write about; for it is a record of a long line of successes that bring pride to our students, eredit to our esteemed physical director, Capt. Cornelius, and fame to the whole city. Throughout the year the Red and Black has appeared on many a field in widely varied forms of sport. They have met worthy competitors from all parts of the Dominion and have participated in classic events in the United States. In all these hard tests, as the records show, they have had a large share of victories, and where they have gone down to defeat they have been found giving their best to the last second of the game.

Dual Meet with Lafayette.

On Feb. 23 the much heralded Track Team of Lafavette High School, Buffalo, N. Y., paid a visit to Hamilton, and in the presence of a huge crowd in the local armouries, were given one of their few defeats. The II. C. I. athletes started rather poorly, coming second in the 60 yards and third in the 300, Crimi, of Lafayette, winning both in fast time. The H. C. I., however, soon began to even matters when in the quarter-mile Christie came home first and P. Pickard next. Aylwin added to this when he took the half-mile, coming to the tape from behind in a race of fine judgment. When Barnes scored two great wins in the mile and the high jnmp it began to look brighter for the Collegiate. Wylie also led in the hurdles, "Ted" Thomas being a good second. But probably the greatest interest centred in the Medley Relay. This the Collegiate team, though weakened by the loss of Shea, managed to win handily.

The Penn Relay Carnival.

This annual event put on by the University of Pennsylvania is one of the greatest held in the United States, and is by some considered to rank second only to the Olympic games. This year every college, preparatory school and similar institution which has any interest in a'hletics sent a team, the games being held at Franklin Field. This is an immense stadium and was specially enlarged to accommodate the masses of spectators. Needless to say, the Collegiate had prepared to make a good showing there, and owing to the enthusiastic support of studen's and citizens, a strong delegation was sent.

The first event in which the Collegiate competed was the Medley Relay for High Schools. Christie, Herb. Willard, Aylwin and R. Barnes participated, and only for some hard luck, for which our fellows could not be blamed, they would certainly have come in first. Horace Aylwin was the brightest star in the whole group. The next day the two-mile and mile relays were on the program and found our fellows determined to at least equal the record of last year. They did so in the first contest, the Red and Black being only once in the rear. Barr, Thompson, Aylwin and Barnes had the credit for th's good piece of work. Then came the

mile relay, which was a bitter pill for the Hamiltonians who were present, and for those who got the news later in the city. Our first man was fouled, being severely injured over the heart, yet with heroic pluck he started out to overtake the field and with the determination of the rest to save the race they made such gains as to bring them into third place. Christie, Barr, Aylwin and P. Pickard were in this contest. The whole affair was great and the presence of many friends of the Collegiate, who accompanied the team to Philade'phia, cheered them very much in their contests.

United States Inter-scholastic Championships.

This important meet was also held in Philadelphia. Only five representatives of the Red and Black, namely, Pickard, Christie, Aylwin, Willard and Barnes, went across the line. They made a remarkable showing, however, taking second place, in spite of the fact that some schools had all the way from ten to fifteen members in their teams. The particulars are too interesting to omit. In the 440, Christie came second, in the fast time of 51 seconds, with Aylwin fourth. In the mile Barnes was only an inch behind the leader, but to observers he deserved the race, one school acting as if it were in the contest only to spoil his chances of winning. In spite of this he made his opponent go the mile in 4.29 2/5 min. Barnes came back with a good win in the high jump, clearing 581/2 inches. Pickard was the next to step into the lime-light, winning both the pole-vault and javelin-throw. Only one other man equalled him in winning two events. In the pole vault he cleared 11 ft. 3 in. and hurled the javelin 135 ft. 4 in.

Canadian Inter-scholastic Championships.

This was another great field-day. On Saturday, May 27th, the best men from all the Canadian Provinces met in Montreal at the Molson Memorial Stadium of McGill University. With their fame already preceding them our boys carried the Hamilton Collegiate colors to victory, scoring 73 points to 24 by their nearest competitor, Ottawa Collegiate. Space forbids going into the details, but the feature of the day was the smashing of

records by our boys. Pickard threw the javelin 135 ft. 7½ in., a world's record for boys. Then Christie lowered the 440 to 51.3 seconds, and Barnes made a new mark in the high jump, clearing 5 ft. 9 in. Herb Willard, Harry Barr, Bobby Thompson, Jack Wylie and Gord Willard did their share in piling up the score. The same can be said of K. Barnes, Earl Woods and M. R. Smith. In the disens contest D Lee made the great throw of 102 ft. 5 in. Another record was broken when Gord Willard heaved the shot 35 ft. 11½ in., which is nearly a foot over the mark for boys.

Ontario Inter-scholastic Meet.

This meet was held Sept. 22 in the Agricultural Park, Brantford. The day was fine and had the track been good the meet would have been perfect. The Collegiate was well represented with boys and girls. Almost the same names were in the winning list. In the pole vault Pickard made a gallant attempt to beat the Cauadian record, and failed only by an inch. Jack Kannawin was a good second. Barnes had the mile all to himself, having 200 yards of a lead. Little, in the half-mile, had a hard race, but he was just a foot behind at the finish. Space forbids full particulars.

The Canadian Track and Field Championships.

The name Halifax is also written among the trophies won this year by our fellows. On Sept. 15th, on the Wanderers' Grounds, in that city, before 5,000 spectators, Pickard, Barnes, Avlwin and Christie entered the lists against picked men from Newfoundland and every other ambitious athletic club as far west as Winnipeg. Of the 55 points won by the athletes from Ontario, Hamilton was credited with 24, most of these being due to the good work of the Collegiate. Pickard broke the Maritime record in the pole vault by 7 in. In the high jump, Barnes made his chief contender go 5 ft. 111/2 in. to beat him and also ran a great race in the mile, taking second place. Christie came first in his heat but fourth in the finals. Aylwin also was fourth in the half-mile. From that important meet, the Canadian stars who will appear at the next Olympic will be selected.

The Collegiate Field Day.

This annual event was held on Oct. 5th and 6th. All the events were put through with spirit. The keenest competition was probably in the intermediate 100 and 220 yard dashes. Mepham won the Junior Championship with Thomas and Parish tied for second. The Intermediate champion was Ken Barnes, with Hodd in second place. Barnes also won the Cadet Championship.

RUGBY.

The first of the season's games was the annual exhibition match with the Junior Tigers. The Collegiate emerged victorious this year. Although their opponents were heavier, they lacked the pep and combination of the H. C. I. team.

H. C. I. vs. Dundas.

The first league game was played at the H. A. A. A. field against Dundas. Dundas proved easy for the Collegiate who were never in danger. Hunter and Wright ran the opposing tacklers off their feet and were the best men on the field.

H. C. I. 47 vs. C. H. S. 7.

The C. II. S. team was confident of repeating last year's success up till this game, when the well drilled Collegiate machine won to the tune of 47-7. The Catholic High deserved their only touchdown, which was the result of a good run and a successful plnnge.

H. C. I. 13 vs. Dundas 9.

This game was played in Dundas, and the valley town, true to its reputation, played desperately but vainly to keep the H. C. I. from adding another victory to its list.

H. C. I 15 vs. Tech. 10.

H. C. I. had an off day in this game, and hampered by the good interference of the Tech., experienced some difficulty in overcoming their rivals. "Bus" Hunter, however, rose to the occasion, and with the H. C. I. one point up, kicked a field goal and a dead-line for good measure. Wright for Collegiate made some fine rnus, while the kicking of Long for the Tech. was splendid.

H. C. I. 5 vs. C. H. S. 1.

Catholic High showed themselves a vastly improved team in this game and at half time led by 1-0. Collegiate's interference seemed out of gear, the ball carrier receiving little or no protection. In the second chapter, however, they came to life, and "Bus" Hunter was able to make some of his lusty booting count. One of his kicks was a field goal from thirty-five yards out.

H. C. I. 13 vs. L. C. I. 6.

Saturday, November 10th, the Collegiate team journeyed to London to play the annual exhibition game. The team that had won six straight games was determined not to let the winning streak be broken. All played well, with Wright and Hunter supplying the thrills. Wanless was the best for London.

Brampton High 1 vs. H. C. I. 32.

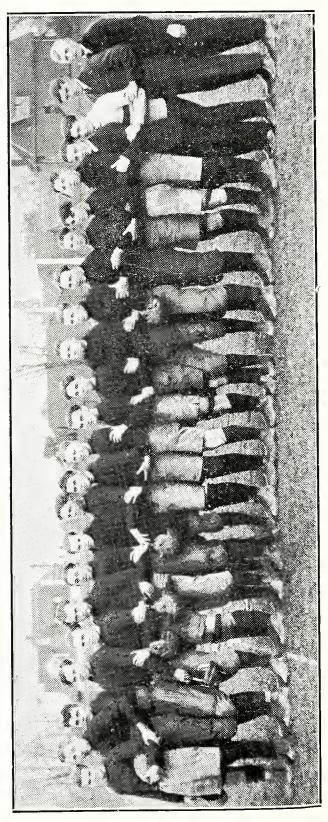
The H. C. I. had some slight fears of this team as they were reported to be very good. Their fears, however, were groundless, as the H. C. I. team overshadowed them in all departments. Brampton had the advantage in weight but this did them little good against the tricky attacks of the H. C. I. men. Brampton showed their best in the last ten minutes when they forced Hamilton to rouge for their only point.

H. C. I. 46 vs. Brampton C. I. 2.

As the score shows, this was largely a repetition of the previous game. The Brampton team, however, with their lack of experience, deserve credit for their pluck in face of overwhelming odds. With more training in the fine points of the game they will make worthy opponents.

H. C. I. 4; Sarnia 2.

Little should be said of the first of the home-an-home games with Sarnia for the semi-final honors for the Inter-scholastic Championship of Ontario, ontside of the fact that Collegiate left the II. A. A. A. grounds winners of the game by virtue of 4-2 lead over the formidable collection from the Tunnel Town. Playing on a greasy field, the opposing squads fumbled the ball with almost deadly precision.



JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC RUGBY CHAMPIONS.

"Bus" Hunter, Capt.; H. Myers, W. Stamp, F. Hodd, "Art" Hogarth, Bob Smith, "Chick" Parish, James Henderson, Glen Small, "Jimmie" Wright, Martin Scott, "Mac" McDonald, Stewart Morris, "Buck" Lord, Roy Kelday, Fred Jarvis, "Win" Lawson, "Ike" Sutton, Harry Robinson, "Mel" Harley, "Lock" Kett, George Allan, Mgr.; Clarence Fickley, Coach.

About the only feature of the whole thing was the procession staged by Robert Hazell and his assistants early in the day. Sarnia displayed better work on the afternoon's play than "Bus" Hunter and his followers, and had the majority of the breaks lined up against them. In the last quarter, the blues and whites were within striking distance of the Collegiate line on four or five occasions, but lost possession of the ball either through their own carelessness or through some unforseen circumstance each time.

"Bus" Hunter practically won the game for Hamilton in the first quarter when he sent over a drop-kick in the early moments from 40 yards out. Sarnia had made one point before this when Hunter was forced to rouge. In the second quarter Scott was forced to rouge and the score stood at 3-2. Before the half-time whistle sounded Robinson of Sarnia was rouged on one of Hunter's In the second half the teams fought it out in an attempt to add further to their scores, but nothing happened. Scott figured prominently in the local School's win, his work on the back division being outstanding. Macdonald and Neill at outside wing positions gave good accounts of themselves.

H. C. I. 11; Sarnia 6.

After their poor showing against Sarnia in the first of the home-and-home games in this city, the Collegiate left for the return game in the Border City by no means the favored squad. However, the boys trimmed the Tunnelites at every turn of the game, and from the very beginning performed like a seasoned and well-balanced squad. In the first quarter, Collegiate einched matters by piling up a nine point lead. When Carter fumbled the ball near his own line, Kelday went after it, to fall on the pig-skin for a try. Stamp converted. Hunter was successful, as is usually the case, in sending a dropkick over the Sarnia bars near the end of the quarter, which ended 9-0. Hunter made two more points on kicks to the deadline in the third frame and his team went into the final session 11 points up on the game.

Sarnia, desperate with the thought of bein "white-washed," staged a belated rally in the last quarter and gave some really fine exhibitions of line-plunging. Millman, on a 40 yard run, brought the ball to Collegiate's ten-yard line and Label was sent over for a try which Carter converted. H. C. I 11; Sarnia 6.

Everyone starred on the Hamilton team and Carter, Millman and Brown stood out on the Sarnia line-up for the game.

Collegiate 7; Oakwood 6.

Then came the battle royal—the final game between Oakwood Collegiate and Hamilton C. I., which meant life and death itself for the brilliant red and black squad. Collegiate had already established the enviable record of having 13 victories and no defeats during the season, but Oakwood was not lacking in this respect, having no defeats and a large list of victories to its credit also.

The game attracted wide-spread attention, and when the time came for the beginning of that memorable struggle, the main stand at the II. A. A. A. grounds was completely filled. The afternoon was wretched, a heavy drizzling rain pouring down throughout the four quarters. The field, which at noon was perfectly dry, was turned into a treacherous sea of muck, and it was with difficulty that the backs made any speed.

The Fickleyites were materially assisted by the mud-boots which the Tiger football club had kindly loaned them, and a part of the successful win may be attributed to them. While the clever and speedy Hugh Plaxton of Oakwood was weighed down with mud, Hunter, Scott and Wright were skipping away with ease.

The 7-6 score is absolutely no indication of the play. Collegiate's was the superior team of the two, and while it earned every one of its 7 points by dint of hard labour, the Oakwood outfit was practically handed its six on a platter. Here's the yarn briefly spun:

In the first quarter, Hogarth, by a marvellous bit of running and aggressiveness, carried the ball, on a fake end play, from center field to within a few feet of Oakwood's line. It was a pretty exhibition of travelling, and one that should live in the school's athletic sensatinos.

On the first down, quarterback Morris, ealled Hodd, his inside wing back, and sent him over for a try that rendered the supporters in the stand well nigh delirious. It was not converted. H. C. I. 5; Oakwood 0.

Oakwood registered its first count in the second quarter when Hunter allowed one of Billing's kicks to slip past him after he had touched it. He had the great presence of mind, however, to take after it, and kick it to his own deadline. H. C. I. 5; Oakwood I.

Not long after this, Plaxton was eaught behind his own line and forced to rouge. H. C. I. 6; Oakwood 1.

Then there came one of those breaks that serve to shatter the morale of any squad. Scott was kicking on the third down with play on his ten-yard line, when Dundas broke through and blocked it. The ball bounced inside the Collegiate territory, and Dundas following up quickly, fell on it for a try. It was not converted. II. C. I. 6; Oakwood 6.

Hunter attempted a field goal, and although the ball went wide, it went well within the Oakwood line and Billings was forced to rouge. From this on until the end of the game every minute was nervewrecking. There was always the chance of a fumble, but lackily nothing happened.

Hunter, Hogarth, Wright, Scott, Morris and Kelday did brilliant work for the winners, and Plaxton, Dundas and Munro were Oakwood's best.

The teams were as follows:
Collegiate. Oakwoods.
Flying Wing
Small McKenzie
Center Half
Hunter R. Billings
Left Half
Wright Robertson
Right Half
Hogarth II. Plaxton
Quarter
Morris Munro
Snap
Smith Smith
${\bf Inside}$
Lord R. Morgan
Hodd Currie
Middle
Stamp Morgan
Kelday Dundas
Outside
Neill Convoy
MeDonald Nott
Substitutes
Sutton Hancock
Scott Austin
Parish Finlay
Lawson Gregg
Jarvis Graham
Stewart Archibald
Fitzpatrick Cannon
Myers
Officials—B. Simpson, Sweeney Davis, of
Toronto.

BASKET BALL.

The first game with Brantford proved an easy win for the Collegiate, although Pickard, the star forward, was absent. The team managed to win by 35 to 18, "Herb" Willard filling Pickard's shoes very ably. "Gord" Willard also played a strong game. The return game in Brantford ended by the same score, 35-18. The Brantford team was much heavier than H. C. I. but did not have the same condition. Ballantine, Woods and Small played senior basket ball for the first time and capably replaced Robinson, Hodd and Crawford, who were ill. Willard and Pickard were the winners.

The next game was rather a bitter pill to swallow. After two defeats on the gridiron at the hands of the II. C. I. "The Londoners" got their revenge by administering a 41 to 24 beating. The score at half time was 22 to 3; but in the second half the H. C. I. came to life and outscored their opponents by 21 to 19.

The return game played at the Tech. resulted in a defeat for London. The referee watched the checking closely, and as a result London's defence was not so effective. The Collegiate played a different brand of basket ball. Pickard treated the handful of faithful fans to a dazzling performance. "Herb" Willard, ably substituting for his brother, found the



H. C. I. PENN RELAY TEAM.

Herbert Willard Horace Aylwin Rober Rolph Barnes, Capt. J. R. Cornelius, A. W. Morris, M. A.

Robert Thompson M. A. Alan Christie

London basket with ease. Woods at centre, showed that he is no beginner, frequently out-jumping Wanless, as well as scoring several baskets. London scored first, but never got far ahead. At full time the score was even, and in the overtime, Collegiate out-scored London, winning by 36 to 30.

The two games played with Ridley proved to be hard, clean matches, both of which H. C. I. lost, making the score even, three wins and three losses out of six starts.

Games in 1923.

This year the H. C. I. have entered a team in the City League. The first game was played on Saturday, Nov. 17, and to the surprise of many the team beat the Climbers.

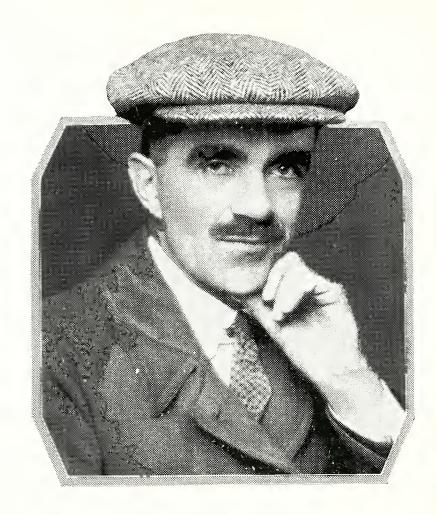
The next game was played a week later. By defeating the T., H. & B. team, who had won their game the previous week, the H. C. I. took the leadership of the League, having won two games and lost none.

ROWING.

On Dominion Day the H. C. I. "Four," composed of bow Kelday, No. 2 Slater, No. 3 Nicholson and stroke McKenzie, went to Toronto to compete in the Annual Regatta. In this race the crew got off to a bad start but by hard work managed to make it a dead heat. This was not rowed over as the crews were in no condition to repeat the race so soon.

The H. C. I. also had an "Eight," but were not able to race as there was no class in which they could compete.

At the Royal Henley at St. Catharines, the crew had the misfortune to break a seat, Slater finishing the race under these unfortunate circumstances.



THE OLYMPIC COACH.

One of the greatest honors that is at all probable to befall a school has come to the old H. C. I,

As everyone knows there is a coach for Canada chosen for the great Olympic games held every four years in Europe.

The Canadian coach chosen for the Olympiad of Nineten-twenty-four is no less a personage than Capt. J. R. Cornelius, the able physical instructor of our school. Under his hands the material given him should develop into a team that would be hard to beat in any contest.

During the four years he has been at the school he has put the Hamilton Collegiate Institute to the fore in all lines of sports. In his own manner he takes a raw recruit in the ranks of sport and coaches him until he buds out as a finished athlete. He brought to life the rowing squad that has brought such honor to the school, although working under adverse conditions. It was with great delight that we heard of the honors conferred upon our school. Every pupil in the institution extends his or her congratulations and good wishes to "Cap" in his new undertaking.

VICTORIES

TRACK AND FIELD

INTER-SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP Lafayette vs. H. C. I.

INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF ONTARIO MILE RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC ONE MILE RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

in { High Jump Javelin Throw—record Pole-Vault

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA One Mile Relay Championship.

ONE MILE OPEN OUT-DOOR RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP OF ONTARIO.

ONE MILE INTERNATIONAL RELAY RACE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS at C. N. E.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP OF ONTARIO One Mile Relay Race.

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA in Pole-Vault.

S. P. A. FIELD DAY CHAMPIONSHIP.

SHOOTING.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE SHIELD Open to High Schools.

D. C. R. A. SUMMER SERIES—WOOD'S CHAMPION CUP.

CADET TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA

ONTARIO CADET CHAMPIONSHIP—WARREN CUP Also TEAM AND INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TROPHY.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION FIELD FIRING CHAMPIONSHIP.

SIX HAMILTON COLLEGIATE CADETS IN FINAL STAGE OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S OF CANADA.

FOUR H. C. I. CADETS IN LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S OF CANADA.

ROWING.

ROYAL-HENLEY—HIGH SCHOOL EIGHTS.

RUGBY.

O. R. F. U. INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

LAST YEAR'S PLAY

BY "OLD BOY"

For the third time in as many years, the Hamilton Collegiate Lyceum successfully presented a play which met with the instantaneous approval of the students and the theatre-going public of Hamilton. "Kicked Out of College," last year's production played two nights running, March 16th and 17th, and from the rise of the eurtain on the initial performance it delighted those who were fortunate enough to see it. The task of producing a play which would come up to the standards of "The Hoodoo" and "That Aunt of Jimmy's," the two previous successes, seemed an impossibility, and yet it was accomplished with utmost ease. "Kicked Out of College'' proved a well-acted, delightful little three-act faree that established itself firmly in the student heart and fanev.

The cast was well-balanced and each and every one of the youthful actors and actresses was admirably suited to his or her respective role. Collegiate plays in the last few years have been distinguished by their smoothness and finish, and "Kicked Out of College" was the acme of both. The development of amateur talent is something to be encouraged at any time, and especially at the Collegiate, where there is such an abundance. Edward Morrison, B.A., and Percy Daniels, B. A., are largely responsible for the success of the production, both accepting the task of long weeks of directing with a cheerfulness that has won them a firm hold in the favor of the student body. Through their patience, and painstaking efforts, there resulted a play whose popularity and success cannot be questioned.

Miss Mildred Morden, in her interpretation of the leading feminine role, Jonquil Gray, gave all the smoothness and sweetness the part demanded. Miss Morden possesses a rich, clear voice and striking manner, both qualities essential for so likeable a person as Jonquil was intended to be by the author. As Betty Benbow, Bootles' sister, Miss Gladys Thompson, second lead, was all that could

be desired. She, too, is the possessor of natural ability, and her cool, thoughtful manner of viewing situations, along with her fund of expression, established a place for herself in the early moments of the first act. As Mimi Fleurette, the coquettish French costumer, Miss Ethel Stewart acted with all the daintiness and assurance of a stock favorite. She lived the part of Mimi, tripping in and ont with an judifference that brought her great applause. "Bob" Stringer, second man of the year before, appeared to advantage again in the role of Ted Cheseldine, the college cut-up. "Bob" needed no introduction to his audience who recalled with enjoyment his amusing flirtations with the fiery Major Kilpepper, the previous year. He was again called upon to assume the guise of a female, and did it with full justice both to himself and the lines. Jean McLaughlin, as the motherly Ma Bagsby, the same character she portrayed the year before, was even more motherly and more clever. Never in the history of the school has there been such a comedian as George Davis. As Leviticus, the ace of spades, he moved his audience to tears through his original humor. George improved on the lines in the book by injecting some of his own sure-fire comedy at intervals. The "drunk" scene was a scream. Lloyd Sommerville, as Salamanea, the colored wash-lady, during his stay on the stage, showed himself to be an actor of wide range. Those who were present will always remember the buxom and insistent charlady. G. A. Challen again appeared in an exacting role, taking the responsibility of the part of Bootles' father. Norris Waldron, a newcomer to the ranks of the company, as Sandy McCann, was excellent. Others who added the finishing touches were: Fred Hodd, as the Irish Policeman; Arthur Shaw, as Sliver McGee; Harold Roberts, as Shorty Long; Dave Robbins, as Scotty McCallister; Dorothy Gayfer, Ruth Mc-Kenzie, Alice Brown, Grace Peebles and James Wright. All were splendid and exceedingly well-suited to their parts.

William J. McCulloch again appeared as leading man.

The Collegiate Orchestra, under the direction of Herbert E. Collins, B. A., rendered several musical numbers during the evening. Gordon Anderson, a former student, and now a professional actor, kindly assisted in making up the performers.

The Executive wishes to acknowledge the following courtesies:

Scenery, Lyrie Theatre; furniture, G. W. Robinson Company, J. J. Snor, James st. sonth, and the Right House.

The stage was under the direction of Stuart Drury and Martyn Scott. Others who assisted were: K. F. Ettinger, B. A.; Alan Christie, Arthur Turner, Lawrence Barry, Harvey Hall, Ernest Ballentine and Capt. J. M. Crawford.

Editor's Note—Much of the success of the play was due to the splendid acting of "Bill" McCulloch. As usual, he played his role so naturally that the audience fully appreciated his talent.

) tennis

Honorary President—A. W. Morris, M. A. Honorary Vice Pres.—Capt. J. R. Cornelius President—R. Armstrong
Secretary-Treasurer—Jack Rogers
Committee—Rob. Thompson, Fred Hodd,
Dave Russell, and Messsrs.
E. V. Clark, G. Allau.

The organization meeting of the H. C. I. Tennis Association was held early in September. It was enthusiastically attended by a large number of pupils. Elections were held with the above results and a constitution drawn up. Also arrangements were made for a champion-ship tournament.

The tournament was favoured by fine weather; a surprisingly large number of entries contributed to its success, and resulted in keen competition. The preliminary rounds were played and everything made ready for the finals, which were held on Saturday, November the tenth.

The Inglewood Tennis Club generously permitted the H. C. I. T. A. the use of

courts. Jack Kannawin "Doug" Saunders in the semi-finals, and after a hard fought match succeeded in winning, 6-4, 6-3. In the other semi-final Dave Russell was defeated by R. Armstrong, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1. In the finals Kannawin and Armstrong fought it out with the final score of 6-1, 6-0, in favour of the latter. The double finals resulted in one of the finest matches of the tournament, the contestants being very evenly matched. Finally Kannawin and Russell succeeded in winning from Thompson and Davenport, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5.

When we take into consideration that this is the Collegiate's first venture into the royal and ancient sport of tenuis, the members of the Association have every reason to feel gratified with the season's results. Many a "dark horse" was uncovered, and the prospects for a successful future are indeed very bright. The Executive have the utmost confidence that the reputation established by the Track, Football and Basketball Teams will be further enhanced by the addition of the Tennis Team.

Editor's Note—Through his brilliant playing in winning the finals in the tournament, Rus. Armstrong will receive his wings.

Sommerville—"Know any of Shakespeare's quotations?"

Braden—''I didn't know he was a stock broker.''

Eddie Morrison—"We hear the Connaught had a pane, but it didn't last long."

Girl (in tears)—"Why did you come to the game drunk?"

Hazell-" 'S economical. See two games for one ticket."

Mr. McGarvin (speaking of History)—
"What happened at the end of the period?"

Stuart Drury—"The bell rang."
"Stew" McLaughlin (first form)—"Mamma this catechism is awfully hard. Can'.
you get me a kittychism?"

REMINISCENCES

By VICTORIA E, MUELLER

It was a sweet, old cottage nestled snugly and eosily among the low green hills. But, could it be a cottage? That mass of roses, lacy blue with lilac, tiny white latticed windows open to the mild air, a cottage? It seemed a veritable fairy palace. Surely some superhuman force had laid its blessing on this abode; where else could there be such a home, so misty white with lilies, so lovely gold with asters, so beautifully lighted with the featherly flames of, "Our Lord's Candles," and so perfumed with the incense of wild almond? It was truly with love that each had been planted, and with love that all had so blossomed!

Behind the house was a garden—a symphony of colour and fragrance. In the centre was an old well, with a canopy of crimson rambler roses elimbing over the frame. The cracks, in the old stone rockery surrounding it, were filled with tiny blue forget-me-nots and orange-yellow key flowers. The low wall around the garden was a luxuriant drapery of ivy, ferus and passion flowers. At the bottom of the garden was a little brooklet of clear, cold water, which wandered through this paradise of flowers and then went again on its singing, chuckling way. The low hills passed gently from pastel shades of gray and lavender to mauve and purple, under sunlight and shadow.

The quaint low door, with a porch, a curtain of greens, brocaded with vivid red, yellow, white and blue star-flowers, guarded a home, as perfect in its beauty as was the garden. Within, all was as fragrant as without. The afternoon sun, peeping in through the snow-white ruffled curtains, lingered on the burnished copper pots, on the hearth. It touched with a caressing finger the shining crockery, on the shelf. It played tantalizingly on the fur of the big yellow cat, sleeping peacefully at the feet of a levely old lady.

She was sitting quietly at the window of her tiny home; her face turned to the hills—a face beautiful in gentle strength. Her hair was soft and silvery, like the gray mist which hung over the hills, in the mornings. When she turned with a stately sweetness, her eye was seen— an eye of loving sympathy and tender understanding.

As she turned, her glauce fell on the gray box, she held in her hands. She pressed the catch, and the box opened disclosing a sapphire bracelet on a slender gold band. She caught her breath with a kind of wistful sob:

"Barbara always sends me something for my hands, that dear girl, how good she is!" she murmured and gazed at her hands. They were tiny any fair, but across them were two broad white sears, disfiguring them lividly —.

She saw again this little house as it was many years ago. She saw herself, a tired, always busy woman surrounded by her three children. Charles Edward, her doctor, who was now so famous and lived in the City; Donald, her scientist, who always had his pockets full of grubby "specimens;" and Barbara, her only daughter, a lovely and slender sprite. How hard she had worked, through the years when they were children, to keep them at school, and how lovingly they had helped her in her struggle.

At last came the time when Barbara was sixteen, and was graduating from school, as first girl. One day she came home in great glee:

"Oh mother, just two weeks from today and then we graduate. I wish it were the day now. And to think I stand first-How did it ever happen?"

"Well"—this was Charles Edward's contribution, "What can you expect! it's because you had me for a brother."

"No"—this from Donald—"The science I taught you was the only thing, that carried you through!"

How they had laughed that night! But oh! how proud they were of Barbara.

Especially her brothers, who would not say a word of it to their sister, but she, their mother, saw in their eyes the desire to tell it to everyone.

But that night, when Barbara had gone to a practice, she had said to the boys:

"I don't see how I can manage Barbara's dress for the Graduation."

Charles Edward had glanced up quickly and said:

"We'll manage it between us, if we have to work all night. How much does a dress cost, Mother?"

"About ten or twelve dollars."

"Whe-ew! Just for one dress?"

"Yes, but that means slippers and long gloves too. I can make the dress, but everything is very dear."

"Let it cost ten dollars," Charles Edward had said, "Don and I will manage. Come along, old man. Let's get to work!"

They had got to work. Before and after school, they cut lawns and ran errands. One night the three conspirators had slipped out and bought the things.

Together they had carried them home in triumph. Barbara was like a joyous child. She was in a frenzy of rapture—she was a leaping flame of delight.

They had exulted over every inch as it was completed on the dress. Barbara had walked through the days in an ecstasy of joy. Three days before the Graduation, the things had been ready, even to the satin ribbon for her hair. Then they had put them in a large box until "The" day.

How she had worked so everything would be perfect! She recalled now how woefully tired she had been the afternoon before the graduation, as she had stood ironing in her little kitchen. Her back had ached, her arms felt weighed down with lead. Then suddenly, she had thought:

"If only I had those things, that dress of Barbara's in the kitchen with me, I'm sure they would make me forget my tiredness."

So she had got them and laid the box open on the table, beside her. They had refreshed her; they had soothed her. The long afternoon had worn on. The heat of the June day eutered her little kitchen. A few butterflies hovered in the garden, which was then the beginning of the place of beauty, it now was. Soon she had

had to light the coal-oil lamp, to see her work. A beautiful moth, attracted by the light had flown in and circled slowly around the chimney. She had looked up, seen it, and had stepped forward to wave it way, when her sleeve had eaught the lamp and tipped it. Down it erashed into Barbara's things!

She had caught up the blazing lamp and thrown it out of the window. Then she had sprung to the dress and smothered the flames. Her brain had been whirling, and she had been able to do nothing, but gaze at the black, smoking mass.

The gate had clicked and she had dimly heard the children:

"'Where's Mother? 'Why no light?' And Donald's startled: Why Mother, what happened?"

The boys had run to her, but Barbara stood still in the doorway. Her eyes grew larger, and she had grown paler. At last she had spoken in a queer breathless voice:

"How did it happen, Mother?"

She had not been able to answer. She had felt dead, all but her hands—they had been a blazing furnace. After a time, she had said:

"I wanted to have your things here to look at, and then the light fell."

There had been a great silence. Then Barbara had said, standing straight and tall; each word a sword thrust:

"You wanted my things here, to look at?"

Oh! Her young anger had been worse than the burning of those hands.

She, their mother had stretched out her hand. She had not heard what Barbara had said further. But the pain and agony of the burned flesh tearing, had forced her to fall. She had thought, she had heard Charles ery:

"Barbara, don't stand there being dramatic. Can't you see Mother is burnt?" Barbara had been at her side in a flash, crying:

"Oh Mother, Mother dear! let me see quick!"

It was so like Barbara, she had thought, all anger one moment, all sweet tenderness the next.

Between them they had raised her, and had bandaged her hands. Barbara had sobbed that the dress did not matter, and that she could go just as well in her old one.

How carefully had the boys taken her, on the next day to the Graduation Hall, where she had sat, with her bandaged hands, and had proudly watched, but with pain in her heart, her Barbara receive her diploma—Barbara wearing her old lawn dress, and her carefully polished old shoes———.

The old lady stirred and the box with the sapphire bracelet, which had come from so far, fell to the floor. She picked it up and read the eard, which had fallen from the box:

"For my Mother's hands, who did and suffered so much for me." "Barbara."

A soft tear fell on the woman's face, and slowly dropped on the bracelet, and where the sun's rays fell on it, that tear gleamed like a diamond of purest water.

Out side, in the warm still garden, the roses and lilies nodded their heads sleepily, and the little lark sang his song of gratitude to the Heavens.

B GLEE CLUB

ALAN T. CHRISTIE, Editor

The fall of 1923 marked the organizing of our first Glee Club, under the able leadership of Mr. Roy Fenwick, singing instructor in the public schools of the city.

Some eighty-five members were enrolled, and on November the eighth the following officers were elected:

President-Alan T. Christie.

Vice-President—Miss Victoria Mueller, Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Agnes Peart, Librarian—E. Miller Shields.

Representatives-

1st Sopranos—Miss Helen Gayfer. 2nd Sopranos—Miss Jean Campbell. Altos—Miss Margaret Thomas.

Basses-Kenneth Pearson.

After many well-attended meetings the Club's first appearance was at the school's annual commencement exercises on December the seventh, when they rendered two very creditable selections.

It is hoped that in the future the Club will be continued and will ultimately become one of the school's most popular and active societies.

THE DARK SCHEME

(Continued from page 52)

"Ilallelujah to de, oh Lawd!" he bellowed, when his tongue loosened. "Mah doom am settled. Ah knowed it wuz acomin" oh-h-h-h Lawdy, hear mah plea: don' let dem kill me daid!"

But as suddenly as they began, the two bawling darkies ceased their supplications, for the pursuing crowd was unmistakably uttering the words in mad, crazed joy: "Oil- Oil! Oil!"

Mr. Bumbell, the real estate dealer, was making his legs fly like pistons, and was forging far in the lead.

"It's oil!" he shouted. "Look at de oil drills! Yo' lef' dem working all night an' now see dem: dey is pumpin' oil!"

Euphemia rushed into Napoleon's arms just as he perceived in the distance two huge jets of black oil shooting forcibly into the air.

"See dere, Napoleon," she cried, "Ah knowed it wuz a-comin". Ah knowed yo' all wuz no fakin' us, wuz yo'?'

Napoleon gazed in bewildered joy at the great jets of oil shooting from the drills, then his face wreathed into smiles as he saw Emery calmly receiving congratulations from everybody at once.

"'Sho' as yo's born,' assured the tall negro in reply to Euphemia's delighted inquiry, "we all wez expectin' dis magnolius oil flow all de while. Emery an' me wuz jest a-goin' to de eity fo' de day, so dat we all could inquire why dat Rolls-Ruff was not delivered. An' as fo' de suiteases, we wuz a 'eartin' dem to de eity to get dem full of mo' stock books to tote back wif us, see!' he finished glibly as he linked arms with his dusky sweetheart.

Exactly two weeks later, wedding bells chimed melodiously in Bennington Centre, and all of darktown saw Napoleon and Euphemia united in marriage, with Emery acting as best man.

"Heah dem bells!" ejaculated the bridegroom, as he and his spouse walked from the church. "Am not dat a beautiful sound—Dong-Dong! Dong-Dong!

"Heah dom bells!" chortled Emery. "Weddin' bells don' chim? Dong-Dong! Dey sing Stung-Stung!"

Cherry = Fairies

SECOND PRIZE POEM.

I'm so tired of picking cherries, For no matter how I try, I eannot reach the branches That grow 'way up so high. I see Cherry-fairy faces,

As they smile and dance at play, But no matter how I reach They keep out of my way.

If I could only eatch them They would lose their magic power,

Would turn into real cherries And I'd pick them hour by hour.

But there would be no fun In cherry-picking then, So we'll leave them, Cherry-fairies, And watch them play again.

Climb up high with me and sit Where the Cherry-fairies flit, All along the arching branches of the tree.

See them flitter, flitter here. Watch them pitter, patter there, Cutting capers as they smile at you and me.

See their eyes a-twinkle, twinkle, Hear their bells a-tinkle, tinkle, As they bob and swing along the leaves so green.

See them tip-toe warily, Watch them skip so merrily, Jolly little Cherry-fairies, gowned in crimson sheen.

So when we're tired and weary, And everything goes wrong, Let's fly with filmy wings To the Fairyland of Song. Let's join the magic circle, And o'er the tree-tops go, To dance in Cherry-Fairyland, And never look below.

—Elda S. Daniels, T7.



Around the top of the stadium at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, are many flag poles from which, during track meets, are flown the flags of most of the schools and colleges, which have teams entered. Last April there were two vacant poles. As it was our second appearance, the Hamilton delegation felt the need of a Hamilton Collegiate flag. Since the University of Pennsylvania authorities decided that we had earned the right to fly our colours there, on returning, Capt. Cornelius discussed the matter with the City Council, which decided to donate a flag for that purpose. We surely appreciate the kindness of the City Fathers, in supplying the necessary funds, but a design is also needed. Of course the students themselves should have some part in it, so here is their opportunity. Now this is the ideawe want all those who have any inclination toward art, to submit designs for a school flag, to be nine feet by twelve feet, in the school colours, perhaps working the Union Jack into the plan. Remember, this flag will be flown from the top of a large stadium and we want everyone to see who we are, so do not make the general design too small.

Who is going to attain the great honour of designing the school flag?

The entries will be judged shortly after New Year's, so this will be something worth while doing in the holidays.

For any additional information, the designers, boys or girls, may consult Capt. Cornelius.

RUGBY TEAM INTERMEDIATE

The second team this year helped the school in more than one way. First by circling the seniors in two games (London and Tech.) and also by beating Grimsby, 17-7.

Those on the team were: Armstrong,

Thompson, Harry Granger, Ted Thomas, Reg. Hender, Gordie Neill (to seniors), Jimmy Bowman, Bill McIlroy, Art Lawson, Wagger, Bus. Stewart (to seniors), Art Trebilcock, Fitzpatrick (to seniors), Sweet, Jarvis, Robinson, Rymal, Coleman, Morris, Ogg.

VERSE AND WORSE

A FLIRTATION ON THE CAR.

I did not even know her name,
Nor where she lived, nor whence she came—
'Twas sad, and yet
Was I so very much to blame
That all my heart should start to flame,
And flare and fret?

She was so sweet, so passing fair,
With such a smile, with such an air—
What could I do?
A glance as shy, as debonair,
An eye as bright, a smile as rare,
I never knew!

And so I smiled across the aisle,
And met the merry, winsome smile
She sent so bold;
At last she langhed, then after while
She cooed aloud in friendly style,
"I'm free years old!"

AN UNFORTUNATE PHRASE.

He sent her twelve Jacqueminot roses, All fragrant and blooming and fair, That nestled so sweetly and shyly 'Neath smilax and maiden hair.

She sent him a letter to thank him,
On paper just tinted with blue—
"The flowers are still very fresh, John,
When I see them I think of you."

She posted her letter that evening, He got it next morning at ten. She can't understand what has changed him,

For he called on her never again.

He seized her in the dark and kissed her, And for a moment bliss was his; "Oh, my! I thought it was my sister!" He cried. She langhed and said, "It is."

TO A FRIEND.

Your eyes are—but I cannot tell
Just what's the colour of your eyes,
I only know therein doth dwell
A something that can sympathize,
When selfish love would fail to see
The depths revealed alone to me.

THE ROBIN.

A Study.

Abstracted, contemplative air,
A sudden run and hop,
A glauce indifferent round about,
Head poised—another hop.

A plunge well aimed, a backward tug, A well-resisted squirm, Then ealm indifference as before, But oh, alack, the worm!

HER THANKS.

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
She told her friends, "Just what I
wanted."

But I who had no cash to blow, Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe. She blushed a bit, yet never daunted, Repeated low, ''Just what I wanted.''

TO ALL THE DOROTHYS, MARGARETS, ETC., WHOM I HAVE TAUGHT IN THE H. C. I.

The angels, they say, found a maiden,
Flower-crowned in the meadows of May;
And they dowered her with 'witching
splendor

That they stole from Nature away.

For her smile the warmth of the sunlight, For her voice the music of streams, For her face the charm of flowers, For her thought the glory of dreams.

The spell of her tender enchantment
Was as dew on gassamer gleams,
Her delight in the triumph of living,
As the sea when it mocks the sun's
beams.

The story, you see, is of angels,
And it may, or may not, be true—
But that maid hadn't half the wonder
Of the good things I wish for you.

-K.

Scratchy, large or small,
Scrawlly, wide or tall,
Please imscribe yours below,
I want it very much, you know,
And all my friends'

Autographs

Kainting my up.

M. White

W. White

W. White

L. Langdon.

M. Cutcheon

C. Lottinge/23.

R. Ralph

Y. Milson

Smith

YOU WERE INQUIRING

Meredith Thompson-

Dear Whitney:—You were foolish, in my estimation, in not accepting the position of Speaker in the House of Commons. You know a great deal, and speak fluently—yea, like unto a fountain.

James Ogilvie-

Your query: "If there was church union, would the union suit?" is quite beyond us.

Miss Mueller-

Answering your inquiry: "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?" Yes, it may come in handy in case of fire.

Miss Jean Batty-

Fair damsel, your application for the position of secretary to the Editor of Exchanges is under consideration.

Miss Evelyn Montgomery-

Dearest: Who is this person who is causing you to lose so much of your beauty sleep? Someone mentioned Reid Murray.

Yes, your costume at the first J. F. F. dance was startling, to say the least.

Fred Jarvis-

Fair One: I was overcome when I heard that you lost 30 pounds in the summer time. Didn't they feed you well? I noticed you looked "all run down." You poor skeleton!

Winn Orr-

Dearest: Your cartoons are certainly very clever. We have never seen anything like them since. Your photo of Stamp as the "Old Stand-By" is splendid. Is that Art. Shaw to his left?

Miss Grace Peebles-

My dear Grace: We were just mentioning that Ernie's "moustache" makes us smile. Wonder if it tickles you, too?

R.S.V.P.vite.

James R (alias "Glick") Henderson-

Dear Jimmie: We have been trying to learn the meaning of "Glick" for several weeks. Why won't you let us in on the secret? We won't tell a soul.

Bob Hazell-

Reddie: So you didn't know her name when you called on her the other evening? That was sad. Still, she told us afterwards that she thought you were a charming raseal and that you burned her heart. She must have been thinking of the color of your thatch.

James Wright-

Dear Jimmie: I feel that you are entirely too young to be dreaming love dreams. Surely, you may place absolute confidence in anything you hear regarding Edna's feelings towards you. Why, she thinks your just—— oh, you know!

Mrs. George Craig, nee Kay Martin, wishes to announce that unfortunately she is unable to obtain a divorce from her distinguished husband, George Craige, F. O. B. (sales tax extra). "All engagements caucelled."

Lloyd Sommerville-

Dearest Lloyd: In reply to your several queries, we have at last decided to tell you the frank, unvarnished truth. Yes, there is no Santa Claus!

E. S. Thomas, Esq.—

Dear Ted: A great question has arisen. Why the worried look on the lion on the cover? How come? Kiudly oblige.

Room T-5-

Yes, your class pins are very unique. Why the likeness of Spark Plug? Someone suggests you may be a little mulish, but we really don't know. If that is so, how about T-2?

"Bus" Hunter-

"Shiek": I have noticed a great falling off in your work of late. If there isn't a marked improvement immediately, I will see to it that you are forced to attend the next dance—a capital punishment.

Bert Hogarth-

No, Bert, don't accept the position as professor in Latin, even if Mr. Freeman advises you to do so.





ROOM I.

Miss McLeod-"'Astronomers are trying to weigh light."

Miss Cox—"That's easy, the grocers have been doing it for years."

An Irish gentleman was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in London:

"Dear Father—I am in a deuce of a hole, kindly send me ten pounds, and oblige, your loving son, Pat.

"P.S.—After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more astonished than the son when he received this reply:

"Dear Son—Your prayers are answered, the letter did not reach me. Father." .

ROOM II.

A.—"So Miss Jeffrey is taking violin lessons?"

B.—"Yes, I suppose she wants to be sure of one bow at least."

Mr. Kenyon's Motto-"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Our mistress, Miss Van Duzer, says—"Your work just must be done."

I guess that we will never Catch up to that "Room One."

ROOM III.

Ode to-

He kissed her in the garden,
The moon was shining bright;
But she was a marble statue,
And he was drunk that night.

- "Don't go iuto the water after dinner."
- "Why?"
- "Because you won't find it there."
- "Would you love my daughter if she were poor?"
 - "Certainly, sir."
- "Well, we don't want any idiots in our family."

Mr. Whitelock—"Curiosity killed a

Miss Richardson—"What did the eat want to know?"

Stont Lady to Policeman-"Could you see me across the street?"

Policeman—"My dear madame, I could see you a mile away."

He—"Why is 'A' like a honeysuckle?"
She—"Because the 'B' follows it."

Miss Clemo—"It's all over the school."
Miss Fletcher—"Oh! What?"
Miss Clemo—"The roof."

Pat (looking at the water tank on top of a factory)—"What is that up there?"
Sandy—"I dinna ken."

Pat—"Begorrah, I never seen a dinner can that size before."

ROOM IV.

A young girl asked a good natured batchelor why he never married. He said he'd never been disappointed in love, but when once he got up courage to ask a young lady, he said, "Let's get married," and she said, "Good heavens, who'd have us?"

"What makes the butter bad?" he asked,
And pushed away the stuff.

"Because," said she, "when it was cream It wasn't whipped enough."

Murray (entering Connaught)—"Here, are you the manager of this hotel?"

Manager-"Well, I thought I was till you came in."

ROOM V.

Little granddaughter to Flynn, seventy years hence—"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why no, dear," gasped the astonished granddaddy.

Granddaughter's eyes grow large and round with wonder. "Then why weren't you drowned?"

The pupils of Room 5 suggest that the Board of Education stretch a net under the Domestic Science Room window to keep articles of eatables from being dashed to death on the payement below.

An engineer says that the usual life of a locomotive is thirty years. Perhaps it would live longer if it didn't smoke so much.

ROOM VI.

Seeing as how Hallowe'en is over, we would advise Ogg to take of his wig.

Mr. Clarke was taking up a history lesson, and had been talking about Lloyd George. Suddenly he turned to a small lad:

"Kirkpatrick, who lived in Wales?"
Kirkpatrick, after his sudden awakening—"Jonah, sir."

Robbins (who had just come into the grand-stand)—"Hello, Evans, did you see who was taking the tickets?"

Evans-"No, who?"

Robbins-"Ah! Ha! I thought that you had jumped the fence again."

He—"For two cents I'd kiss you!"
She—"Can you change a nickel?"

"What is your favorite hymn, dear?"
"The one that you just chased over the fence, pa."

"I could eat you, fathead."

"Well, you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever will in your head."

ROOM VII.

Mr. Houghton—"Illow is it that when I come in the room I always find you idle?"

Shaver—"It must be those rubber soles you're wearing."

Visitor-"'How old are you?"

Waddell-Eleven, sir."

Visitor—"What are you going to be?" Waddell—"Twelve, sir."

Seeu in the daily paper:

Don't kill your wife!

Let us do your dirty work!

-City Laundry.

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a house to warm himself at the kitchen stove. The little boy of the house looked at him carefully and said: "Say, mister, you'd better stand back, you're warping."

Michael O'Flannigan, to his horse which refuses to get up after falling:

"Well, of all the lazy spalpeens. Gat up, or Oi'll drive right over yez!"

ROOM VIII.

New arrival in trenches—"And where do I go when this shelling starts?"

Sandy-"Laddie, that all depends on your religious opinions."

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to a beautiful girl," Nix confided.

"Aud what did I say?" she queried, breathlessly.

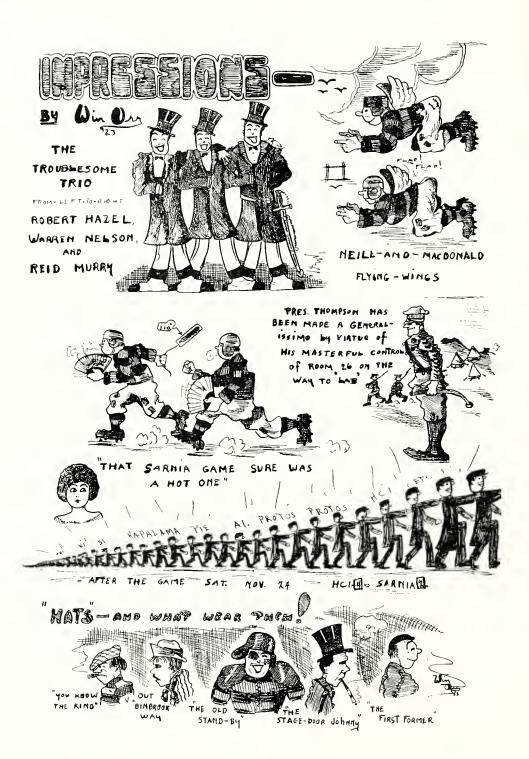
She-"Last night I told him I didn't want to see him any more."

Robertson—"Well, what did he do?"
She—"Turned out the lights."

ROOM IX.

Miss Hubbs—"Do you understand French?"

Walters—"Yes, when it is spoken in English."



Sammie and Sadie are our two imperial midgets.

Ching Won Long and Ching Fon Fuey, Started in to eat Chop Suey. They are and are until they died— Did they commit Chop Sueyside?

He flunked in Latin, failed in French.
We heard him sadly hiss:
"I'd like to find the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss."

ROOM X.

Miss Cline—"Do you mean to say I use too much face powder?"

Miss Richardson-"You ought to join the plasterers' union."

Davis (as Vila releases Richmond)—"
"What was he doing to you?"

Richmond—"I guess he was trying to make eider out of my Adam's apple."

Porter—"Ever heard of airplane poison?"

Thomas—"No, what is it?",
Porter—"One drop is fatal."

Clerk-"This book will do half your work."

Guest-"Gimme two, quick."

First Youth—"She's a fine girl—brains enough for two!"

Second Ditto—"She's just the girl for you, then, Thomas."

ROOM XI.

We have a teacher, sad to say, Who says, "All through," the livelong day.

We hope when the exams. come nigh He'll say, "All through," not "failed," or "try."

Then when in heaven St. Peter waits
To close the airy golden gates,
This shall be said in judgment true,
He was "very, very good, all through."

(Apologies to Mr. Daniels.)

Elliot—I once loved a girl and she made a fool out of me.''

Miss Allan—"My, what a lasting impression some people make."

Violets are blue, roses are red, And the hair won't stay combed on Hercules' head.

Miss Virtue—"Mr. Kenyon, I might do my Latin homework to-night." Mr. Kenyon—"Yes, might is right."

ROOM XIII.

Old Man—"Here, you boy, don't you know you shouldn't be there fishing? You should be at school."

Killins-"There, now, I knew I had forgotten something."

Mr. Armstrong (an enthusiast about regular attendance) — "Attendance good today. No one absent but Budge. Let us hope he is sick."

Teacher—"'How was iron discovered?"

Miss McFarlane—"Well, I've heard pa
say they smelt it."

"Why, Pangton," said the teacher,
"What makes your hair so red?"

"I've just had searlet fever,
And it settled in my head."

Mr. Freeman—"Heilig, give the principal parts of occide."

Heilig (as he glances tenderly at Miss Stephens)—"O Kiddo, O Kiddearie, O Kissu, O Kissum."

Room 13 Want Ads.

- Wanted—A room by a gentleman with double doors.
- Wanted—A man to take care of a horse who can talk German.
- Wanted—A dog by a little boy, with pointed ears.
- Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with references.
- 5. Wanted—A nice mattress by an old woman full of feathers.

ROOM XIV.

Not His Sister!

There was once a very gay Mr. Who called on a girl and then Kr. But his manner was such That he did it too much, And her lips soon started to Blr.

Farmer—"Kin you milk a cow?"
Mueller—"No, but I've operated a
fountain pen at school."

"They're off!" cried the old lady, as she viewed the inmates of an insane asylum.

Mr. W. Clark—"Well, then, what is the pound shell weigh?"

Shields-"I don't know."

Mr. W. Clark—"Well, what times does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

Shields-"'Twelve o'clock,"

Mr. W. Clark-Wlel, hten, what is the weight of a six pound shell?"

Shields-"'Twelve pounds."

Dickie—"If I stole a kiss, would you scream for your parents?"

Miss Hill-"Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family."

Mr. Thompson—''What! You want to marry my daughter! Why, man, she's only a school girl.''

Balch-"I came early to avoid the rush."

Miss King—"Are you fond of tea?"
Woodbridge—"Yes, but I like the next letter best."

Monger-"'Father, why do words have roots?"

Weary Father—"I suppose, my son, so that the language may grow."

Fitzpatrick had just completed a small painting called "The Rising Sun," and was showing it to Miss Wright.

"It makes my month water," she said. "Makes your mouth water! What do you mean?" replied the artist.

"Why, it's a fried egg, isn't it?" was the critic's reply.

Miss Ballantine—"What are you doing to-morrow, Evelyn?"

Miss O'Reilly-"Nothing."

Bessie-"And Friday?"

Evelyn-"Nothing."

Bessie-And on Saturday?"

Evelyn-"'I'm going out to dinner."

Bessie—"Oh, what a shame! I wanted to take you out with me for dinner, Saturday."

We hear that Willard wants a job in an eating house. He understands the job.

First Father—"What are you going to make of your sou up at the Collegiate?"

Second Ditto—"If he keeps the same hours he does now I am going to make a milkman out of him."

ROOM XVI.

Price—"You seem to like that joke."
Thompson—"I do. I liked it the first time I ever heard it."

Henderson (Glick)--"Why is Boyle's Law like love?"

Robinson (also Glick)—"Because the higher the pressure the lower the gas."

"Who's that homely-looking woman?"

"That's my sister."
"She sure can dance."

Hogarth-"How do you like that girl I dug up for you?"

Slater—"Well, as far as I'm concerned, you can bury her again."

Miss Stewart-"I call him my Bermuda Onion."

Miss Peebles-"Why?"

Miss Stewart—"Because he's so big and strong."

Norris—"Well, let's toss for it."
Lloyd—"O, goody; I just love gambling, don't you?"

When Noah built himself the ark, It was the pride of the nation; The Grand Trunk thought so much of it They took it for King Street Station. Grace—"What a peculiar looking thing on your upper lip!"

Ernie—"My dear girl, never knock a moustache, when it's down."

The occupants of Room 16 are beginning to think that Ernie says Grace before each meal.

One day there was a tap on the door— Mr. Hogarth went and turned it off.

Kelday-"'Who is that fellow over there with the long hair?"

Thompson—''He's from Yale.''
Kelday—''O yes! I've heard of those
Yale locks.''

Favorite Occupations of Our Gang. Ethel Stewart—Borrowing Drury's Algebra.

Mildred Morden—Studying.
Slater—Looking at the girls.
Phyllis Aitcheson—Asking questions.
Mr. Armstrong—Opening the windows.
Grace Peebles—Closing the windows.
Price—Answering questions.

ROOM XVII. In Memoriam.

I envy not in any mood

The student void of noble rage,
Who, when he comes within the cage
Finds not his books where they had stood.

I envy not the beast that takes
A fancy to any book of mine;
Unfettered by a sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor who may count himself as blest,

That heart that ever plighted troth,

The books of mine all bound in cloth

With any ill-begotten gest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I borrow most,
'Tis better to have bought and lost
Than never to have bought at all.

"Did you tell that young man of yours that I am going to switch the light off at ten, Madeline?"

"Yes, dad."

"Well, what did he say."

"He's coming at ten after this."

"What is the meaning of elocution, Miss Taylor?"

"It's the way people are put to death in some countries." Perhaps she's right.

ROOM XVIII.

Leishman wants a farm hand's job in a confectioner's shop, in order to milk chocolates.

"Waiter, this soup is spoiled."

"Who told you?"

"A little swallow."

Craig is getting so popular that there is a song written wherein he is mentioned three times—"Tramp, tramp, tramp," etc.

"Drop me a line soon," said the sailor as he disappeared over the rail.

Zick-"When I leave school, I will step into a nice job at \$10,000 per."

Moggridge-"Per what?"

Zick-"Perhaps."

"When I don't want a man's attentions," said Dorothy Laurie, "and he keeps asking me where I live, I tell him in the suburbs."

"Ha! ha! Excellent idea, but where do you live?" asked McHaffie.

"In the suburbs."

ROOM XIX.

Traffic Cop-"'You're under arrest for speeding."

Robertson—"Aw, I wasn't speeding. Say, though, I passed a couple of fellows who were."

Mrs. Coleman (proudly)—"This is my little son, Sheldon, Mrs. Jones."

Sheldon (accustomed to being shown off in public)—"What was that elever thing I said yesterday, mother?"

At a recent J. F. F. dance, Jack Rogers was escorting a young lady to her seat. "I could just die dancing, couldn't you?" he said.

"No," she replied. "There are pleasanter ways of dying than being trampled to death!" "Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes sir, it was ground this morning."

"But, Alan," said she coquettishly, "Will you love me when I am old and ugly?"

"My dear," said Alan, gallantly, "you may grow older, but you never will be uglier." And he woudered why their friendship ceased.

ROOM XX.

Mr. Robertson—"No, Peggy, you must not go to those low-brow dances; that camel walk is making you a hump-back."

Miss Hitchins—"It's too bad that handsome men are always conceited."

McCulloch-"I'm not, Ruth,"

Miss Goldberg—"What does Miss Lounsbury get to talk about?"

Miss Sedgwick-"Nothing at all, and she talks about it all the time."

"Can you tell us anything about the iron age?"

Dot-"I'm afraid I'm a little rusty on that subject."

If all our teachers loved us,
And none of them could see
Our manifold misdoings,
How happy we would be.

ROOM XXI.

It is rumoured that Ogg, of Room 6, found a pencil that he had lost last year. At a recent visit to the barber's, the loss was discovered behind his ear.

"How do you find business these days?"

"By going out and looking for it."

Samson had the right idea about advertising. He took two columns and soon had everything coming his way.

Wanted—A ribbon to tie Miss Ramsay's fountain pen around her neck, as we positively refuse to buy her a third one.

Wanted-Something to argue about.

-Miss Jones.

"In the parade after that Sarnia game, a couple of the fellows were arrested, and we had to bail them out."

"Were they full?"

I'll get a liekin', I'll bet a dollar; I don't care, I won't holler. I'll take twenty if I must, But I'll see the Lyric if I bust.

ROOM XXII.

Up the stairs and along the hall,

To the furthest end go through.

Stop at a quaint, old-fashioned door,

And sure there's twenty-two.

Mr. Jackson—"If a body is immersed in water, what will it lose?"

Miss Simpson—"It's life, if it ean't swim."

Mr. Stevenson (pointing to the board)—
'What's the best way to get rid of these
equations?''

Miss Cruickshank-"Rub them off, sir."

Cy Reid—"Parallel lines are the same distance from each other all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them."

The school paper is a great invention—
The school gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Miss Callowhill, when asked why she didn't attend a lecture on "lungs" said, "I don't care for organ recitals."

ROOM XXIII.

Miss Craig and Miss Jackson are two pretty maids,

They both talk enough to fill many a page.

But to-day they are quiet, 'Cause one is on diet,

And the other's locked up in a cage.

A comedy is a funny story.

A tragedy is a funny story told twice to the same man.

"What is a hypocrite?"

"A fellow who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Miss Brooks—''I noticed when you passed Bill Stomp that he never returned your salutation.''

Miss Jackson—"Oh, he sits across from me in school, and he never returns anything."

But-

No!

Just

No!

 $_{\rm One}$

No!

Please!

Say, Winn, why don't you shave?

ROOM XXIV.

Mr. Etlinger—"'Who can give me a sentence with a conjunction in it, and tell why it is a conjunction?"

Miss Hallett—"The horse was hitched by the halter to a fence. 'Halter' is the conjunction, because it joins the horse to the fence."

The tailor was measuring Muir for his first made-to-order suit of clothes. "Do you want the shoulders padded?" he enquired.

"No," said Mnir, glancing meaningly at his father, "pad the pants."

Mr. Etlinger—"Patterson, what did Sir Walter say when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for the beautiful Queen to walk over?"

Patterson (just waking up from a fast dream)—"Step on it, kid."

Fenton-"Aw, mother, do I have to wash my face?"

Mother-"Yes, my son."

Fenton—"Why can't I just powder it like you do yours."

I stepped npon the tomeat's tail,
The lights were dim and low;
The cat responded with a wail,
It was his "tail" of woe.

ROOM XXV.

Mr. Price-"What is the feminine of monk?"

Miss McLea-". There isn't any."

Miss Ostrosser-"Nun."

Miss McLea-"Well, that's what I said."

Favourite Sayings.

Mr. Price-"'Don't all speak at once."

Mr. Elliott-"Get the point?"

Mr. Leishman—"Now, class, if you'll pardon me a moment I'll say a few words."

Miss Horning (scanning the bill-of-fare)
-"Have you frog's legs?"

Waiter-"Oh, no ma'm, I walk this way on account of my rheumatism."

"Yes, we were going to the show last night, but Elfredda lost her money."—Eddie Hyslop.

ROOM XXVI.

Thompson (in June, 1924), handing in his examination papers—"I feel that these are the last sad writes!"

Mr. Moffat—"Don't speak till the spirit moves, Johnston."

Ellwood—"He hasn't had that much, even if his nose is red."

I mix my beans with honey,
I've done so all my life:
Not that I like them better—
It's to keep them on my knife.

Bob-"I am always moved at the sound of mnsic."

Marj.—"Let me play something for you at once."

"I heard that Miss Mueller would love to do something for humanity." "Tell her to give up singing."

ROOM XXVII.

We're the girls of twenty-seven, We're the nearest class to heaven, We're as a rose between two thorns (26-28) But we never blow our horns. Bob Hazel—"Have you been drinking?"
Leon Goldberg—"That's my business."

Mr. Johnson—"What is a zebra?"

Modern Miss Bright—"A new sport
model of a donkey."

Can you imagine-

Miss Lowriss without Mr. Haines? Miss Woods using some of her brains? The Aneastorians coming on time?

The person who wrote this making it rhyme?

Miss White without her spit eurl?

Miss Batzold in the hall without a girl?

Miss Olmstead with her hair eurled right?

Miss Elliott trying hard to just look right?

Miss Stevenson knowing all her work?
And Miss Cole having on a long skirt?

We had to write our jokes on thin paper so that the joke editor could see through them.

ROOM XXVIII.

From our own point of view—
Up in the attie,
On the western side,
A studious bunch
Of girls reside.
They study so hard
They're all worn out,
And they know all that
The teachers know—just about.

From the viewpoint of the H. C. I. boys—Way up the stairs
On the very last flight,
You may see
An amazing sight.
Forty beautiful girls—Every one a gem,
And only two boys—
How we envy them!

From the point of view of the teachers of Room 28--

By the time they climb up to Room Twenty-eight,

They're usually just about five minutes late.

The girls have got tired of waiting around, Have all disappeared, and cannot be found. After rounding them up, from cloak room and hall,

They finally get started, then presently stall.

They try the old bait—they were out last night,

They forgot their book, but the teacher won't bite;

And after a while he gives up in despair,
And lets them play checkers, or comb out
their hair.

—By J. A. M.

Dr. Owens—"Who can tell me what race of people have black eyes?"
"K." Cook—"Sheiks, sir."

ROOM XXIX.

Teacher (reprovingly) — "When Lloyd George was your age he was head of the class."

Pupil—"That euts both ways, sir. When he was your age he was Prime Minister."

Rymal-"How did your father take our engagement?"

K. D.—"Oh, very well, he always humours my most foolish whims."

Teacher-"Now, class, find the common denominator."

Lang-"What! You don't tell me that thing is lost again!

"My stock-in-trade is brains."

"Huh! Yon've got a funny looking sample ease."

ROOM T-I

Jarvis-"Say, I weigh about three hundred pounds, and these scales only go up to one hundred and fifty."

Atkinson—"That's all right, get on twice, and add the totals."

Several first formers have been seen hanging around members of the H. C. I. Radio Club, with glass jars and butterfly nets. It is said, that they are trying to catch the radio bug.

Mapham has been seen on several occasions arm in arm with a girl. When accused, he stated, that he was just holding up a woman's right.

To the Girls of Room IV.

Smith of T-I, who visits Room IV twice weekly, states that his favourite mixtures of fruits, is dates, with peaches.

ROOM T-II

Low-"Say Parish, do you know how they summon the deaf mutes to dinner at the asylum?"

Parish-"'No, how?"

Low-"They ring dumb-bells, or course."

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Wholton, "there was a feller over to town last week with the circus, and the dum fule took a pair o' rabbits out 'n my whiskers."

Birds of a feather, flunk together.

It's a long lane that has no ash-barrels.

ROOM T-III

Irwin-"Do you belong to the army of the Lord?"

Rasberry—"Yes, I'm a Baptist."
Irwin—"Oh! you belong to the navy."

Mary Holmes wants to know of whom she reminds you most—Theda Bara, or Anna Pavlowa.

Bob Hazell is advertising the new song hit—"Dirty hands, dirty face, dirty neck," by Norris Waldron.

ROOM T-IV

Thomas—"You wouldn't speak to me last night, and I saw you twice."

Eva Ward-"I never recognize anyone, in that condition."

Miss Lloyd-"A penny for your thoughts."

Charlie—"I was thinking of going."

Mr. Lloyd—(from the top of the stairs) "Give him a quarter Florence, it's worth it."

Culver says that coal dealers don't lie, when they say, "We keep good coal."

ROOM T-V

Douglas—"Behold me in the flower of manhood."

Coulthart-''Yes, you blooming idiot."

Mr. MacCrimmon—"What is a molecule?"

Miss Kappelle—"Something like a flea, you can't see it but you know it's there."

Partridge—"I want the 'Life of Julius Caesar."

Clerk-"Sorry, but Brutus got a head of you."

Thompson—"See here old deah, some day I'll give you a piece of my mind."

Faulknor—"You'd be foolish to divide up a little thing like that."

Mr. MaeCrimmon—"What is velocity?"
Baldwin—"Velocity is what a man puts
a hot plate down with."

Audrey-"Say Bessie, do you want to learn to play a violin?"

Bessie-"Why?"

Audrey-"Just to give your chin a rest."

ROOM T-VI

Miss Babcock—"Have you any prominent men in your family, Miss Groves?"

Miss Groves—''Yes, one of my forefathers was an admiral. At one time he led the world's combined fleet.''

Miss Babeock—"What was his name?"
Miss Groves—"Noah."

Mr. Morrison—"If I were to drop you down on a desert, how long would you, as a city bred person, live?"

Adamson—"Depends upon how far you drop us sir."

The chickens favourite-Barnes.

Mr. Morrison in teaching Physics, was illustrating echoes. He called, "Hello!"

Ken. Barnes, at the back of the room, answered "Hello!"

Mr. Morrison (continuing), "So now, you see, we have all kinds of reflecting objects such as houses, cliffs and Barnes."

Mr. Stevenson—"What are you working at?"

Newman-"'Intervals, sir."

ROOM T-VII

Vila—"It's a niee day, don't you think"

A. Hogarth-"'No, not on a nice day."

Mr. McGarvin-"What speech could this act do without?"

Miss Daniels-"The one we have for memory work."

Vila to Hopkins, "You've been here three days in succession. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

Wave Formation

He came to call at half-past eight Upon a pretty miss, With twinkling roguish blue-black eyes hair waved this. and that like They sat beside the open fire And liked it too, I wis, For when he left-and it was late, hair this Her mussed like. was

An experiment in physics was not very successful, because, instead of a guinea and feather tube containing a guinea and a feather, it contained a washer and a piece of cloth.

Mr. Morrison—"I don't know why they didn't put a feather in the tube instead of a piece of cloth, because it was made near the Toronto University, where there are students being plucked every year."

BALLARD HIGH ROOM I-A

Pupil—"Mr. Beck, can you do anything no-one else can do?"

Mr. Beck-"Yes, I can read my own writing."

There are metres of Cambric,
There are metres of Trochie,
And metres of musical tone;
But the metre that is sweeter,
completer, and neater,
Is to meet her in the moonlight alone.

He-"Why do blushes creep over girls faces?"

She-"Because, if they ran, they would kick up too much dust."

ROOM I-B

Old Lady-"Oh conductor, stop the car, my wig just blew out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madame, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

She-"'My aunt accompanies me to every dance."

He-"Oh, sort of a tea dansant."

Miss Cunningham—"I am going shopping down town."

Miss Glen-"Shopping?"

Miss Cunningham—"Yes, I see a big shoe sale advertised."

Miss Glenn-"Oh!"

ROOM I-C

Foulton, on a hike (as he scrambles through a barbed wired fence). "Well, fellows, I have just one more point to touch upon."

Some members of Room I-C are so dumb, they think that Harold (Bud) Orr is a mineral.

Fat Dunham (after being hit and knocked into a telegraph post, by a speeding car)—"Ha, ha, right on the funny bone."

Miss McVean's favourite hymn at 4 pm

-"Abide with Me."

Dunham—"1 had my nose broken in three places this summer."

Conelly—"Why do you persist in going to those places?"

Page—"I sing, a little, to kill time."
Caldwell—"You certainly use a good weapon."

La Penotiere—"What is more tempting than a beautiful girl to behold?"

Sprague-"A live one to be held."

Page—"Going to dinner anywhere tonight, Girlie?"

She—"Why no, not that I know of."
Page—"Say, you'll be awfully hungry by morning."

COR. MAIN AND SHERMAN.

PHONE G. 345

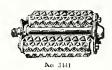
Craven's Arug Store

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

Headquarters for Neilson's Chocolates, Smiles 'n Chuckles, Cigars, Cigarettes, Perfumes, etc.

WE DELIVER.







HAMILTON'S EADING BICYCLE STORE



BB & UNDEKH

Sole Agents for the CLEVELAND BICYCLE The Store where Satisfaction is certain.



17 JOHN ST. N.

R. 5446W





Glass-"Say, Grandpa, are we descendants of monkeys?"

Grandpa--''Why, no. Our people came from Wales.''

R. Beatty—"Did you see that Scotty McCrimmon was found unconscious in Pantages?"

La Penotiere-"'How's that?"

R. Beatty-"Well, the doctor said a joke had pierced his brain."

ROOM II-A

Excused-

Helen Haylock, for writing notes to Murray Smith, in Room —?

Madge Binkley, for having to be moved to front of the room.

Lillian Feaver, for not remembering to remember her book.

May Pope, for holding hands with the wrong person, when she was out on Hallowe'en.

Mother—"Did you have company last night?"

Gladys Cooke—"Yes, one of the girls."
Mother—"Well, tell her when you see
her, that she left her tobacco pouch."

ROOM II-B

Miss Braden-"Do you live in an apartment?"

A. Smith—"Yes, suite one."
Miss Braden—"Sir!"

Cook said that, the reason that the H. C. I. was a learned place, was, that most people took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, and so it accumulated.

Mr. Gillan—"Booth, what is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

Booth-"Well, you don't have to pay for lightning."

Ode to the Radio Club.

In a tomb far, far away,
There lies a record writ in clay,
And until just recently,
No light of day his tomb did see.
This record cut in bas-relief,
Is too long to be told in full;
I set down here an outline brief,
To let you know of my belief.

Olk King Tut,
Was a Radio Nut,
A Radio Nut was he;
He called for his set,
And he yelled, "By Heck!"
As he looked at his programm—ee.

Old King Tut

Put his phones on his nut,

And tuned till he got V. T.

He called for his wife,

He called for his child,

To listen to a good stor—ee.

Old King Tut
Is as dead as a nail,
As dead as a nail is he.
But though he is dead,
With no phones on his head,
Phones on our heads have we.

Now you can see from this brief tale,
That the Radio's not so new;
And if this story's not believed,
I'll try and prove it's true.
For, go to that fair monarch's tomb,
And read upon the wall
The story of those past great men
Who worked with areals tall.

-Harold Cornfield, I. C.

"I bathed in the Hot Springs, last summer. Did you ever bathe in a famous spring?"

"Yes, I bathed in the spring of '99."

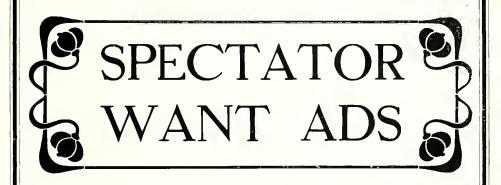
OUR BATTLE CRY.

Phi, Ki, Si,
Kappa Lama Pi!
A. I. Protos, Protos H. C. I.
Hick-a-racka, hock-a-racka, bim—boom—bah!
Boom-a-lacka, hip-a-cracka, rah, rah, rah!
Shibim, shiboom, shibim—boom—bah!
Hamilton Collegiate! Rah, rah, rah!

YOUR MESSAGE GOES

INTO 32,000 HOMES

WHEN YOU USE



TO MANY THEY HAVE PROVEN CORNER STONES TO FORTUNE

WANT AD RATE, 2c. per Word
MINIMUM, 15 WORDS.

THE LAST ISSUE

The Pig-Skin

THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

Weather— Warmer next Spring.

Vol. XXXVIII

DECEMBER 20, 1923

CASH AND CARRY

INDIAN CHIEF THREATENS EPWORTH LEAGUE

PROFESSOR MULVANEY REPLIES SHARPLY.

THREATENED DISSOLUTION

(Assassinated Mess Dispatch)

The Aigue, Holland, Dec. 19.—Chief Wawawbeecheeowowhawhow, whose English name is "Little-Big-Beaver-Sitting-on-a-Rock-with-his-Tail-Almost-Touching-the-Ground," threatened to eall out the Brantford Preserves unless the League agreed to his demands.

Professor Mulveney, of Hogtown, Ontario, asked what the demands of the Chief were.

The Chief replied as follows:

We, the Club Feet Indians of Brantford, petition the assembled gentlemen and Premier Messolini that they influence Tommy Church and Chief Wopley and Carlus Parishus to accede to the following:

That they be represented in the Little Scorpion's Club and that Einstein retract his theory about monkey glands.

Baron Uff, the Polish delegate, hotly contested the first demand that the Little Scorpion's Club was confined to the Fallen Arches and Flat-feets.

At this juncture Professor Mulveney was called to the telephone. He was greatly worried over the fact that he had not answered his own telephone.

Premier Messolene brought up the subject of black shirts being used universally, but owing to the fact that Baron Uff never drinks black sonp, and napkins not being used in Poland, the subject was dropped.

(All writes preserved.)

-Dom. Canners.

MR. JACK GRIFFIN wishes to announce the arrival of a wisdom tooth. Hurrah!

JACK WYLIE spent the week-end at Beulah Park.

Faculty Members Suspected

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Last Tuesday, our own little Pussyfoot was sent to investigate the question of the long line of unemployed that fills the main halls every morning at 9:05. He intimates startling disclosures about a certain Mr. Hogarth, who, for some months past, wielded an uncauny influence over this dereliet army. He promises something very definite for to-morrow; nothing further can be said at present.

IDIOTORIAL

Well, students, the term is over. Most of us have succeeded in flunking a few more subjects. It is surprising how easy it is to flunk a subject. Before you realize the string of zips you have accumulated, it is time to take the subject over.

Which brings us to the point of this idiotorial. If we continue to flunk in this way, by the time we are ready to graduate, we will probably be prevented from receiving our diplomas, because our progress, as we hobble up the aisle, will be impeded by our tripping on our patriarchal beards.

Isn't it a thrilling thought, fellowflunkers? Just picture yourselves, the blight of years upon your chin, affectionately supported by your grandson, en route from class to class!

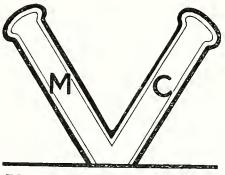
Well, ta-ta! See you in detention.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MR. JOHN KANNAWIN just returned to the barber's after one month's absence.

MR. HARRY VILA has returned to his studies after a half-hour vacation.

MR. KENNETH BARNES wishes to announce that he got his shoes half-sold.



BE AT HOME IN THE WATER

THE GIFT WITH A

GOOD COMPANIONSHIP
THE YEAR ROUND.

Ages

RATES:

Ages	12-13	 \$4.00
	14-15	 5.00
	16-17	 6.00

TO OUR READERS

You are all well aware, no doubt, that the success of this magazine depends a great deal on the number of advertisements obtained.

This year the slump, which has been felt in business circles these last few years, is even greater. Many have been thrown out of work and many more are expected to be soon. Such is the condition in the business world.

Owing to this, quite a number of the old business friends of the "Vox" find themselves incapable of advertising this year, even though they wish to. However, there are still those who found themselves able to do so, along with a number of new firms who believe that they derive some benefit through advertising in this magazine.

Now, it is up to us to show them that they do. Read the Advertisements. Patronize Our Advertisers, and let them know you "SAW IT IN THE VOX."

> F. M. HODD, Business Manager.

The Hamilton Herald

AGGRESSIVE AND PROGRESSIVE.

Until The Herald recently came under new ownership, Hamilton never had

- —a Sport Final Edition carrying all the latest Sport,, Markets and general news.
- —a Colored Comic Section as part of the regular Saturday editions.
- —a full page of Comic strips every day. (THE HERALD HAS TWO FULL PAGES DAILY OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS COMICS.
- -a Saturday Church Page.
- —a Literary and Book Review Page.
- —a Music and Art Feature Page.
- -Full page inspirational Editorials.

THESE AND MANY OTHER NEW FEATURES ARE BRINGING THE HERALD MORE THAN 1,000 NEW READERS A WEEK BECAUSE THE HERALD IS ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

The Hamilton Herald

A REAL NEWSPAPER
IN A REAL CITY

PATRONIZE THESE FIRMS

Automobiles and Accessories

Ellis-MeIntyre Motors

Bicycles and Accessories

Webb & Underhill Longfield Wentworth Cycle Works

Candy Shops

Martha Macdougall Sugar Bowl

Confectionery

James Crawford

Clothiers

Grafton's Fashion Craft W. S. McLaughlin

Dances

Comus Club

Departmental

Arcade The Right House

Drugs

Herkimer Pharmaey
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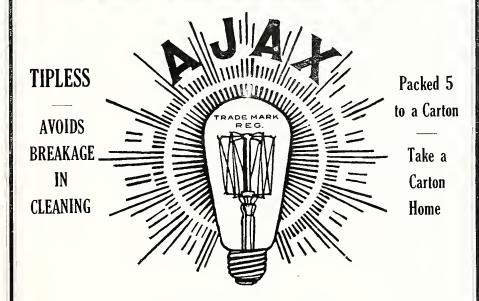
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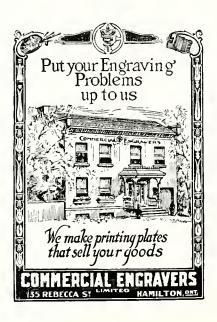
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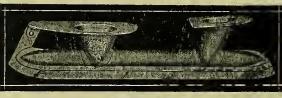
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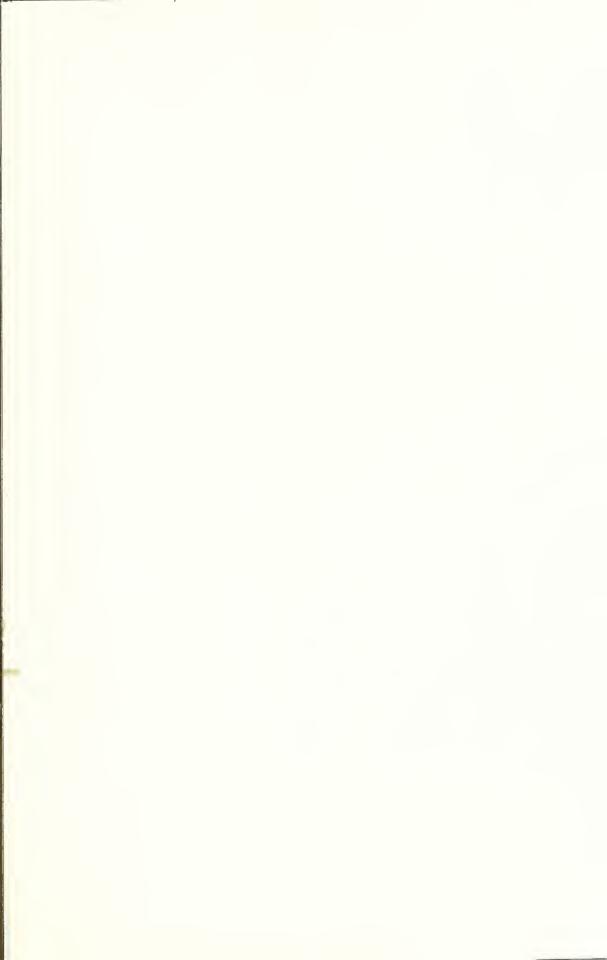
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